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Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

FOR real gallery interest, the senate debate on the Philippine question has been the attraction of the month at Washington. It looked as if it would have a good run, after Senator Lodge as chairman had opened the firing in a fervid and effectual appeal to support the American army. No matter what the political, ethical or partisan variances as to policy may be, the very nature of this people is to stand by its soldiers in the field fighting under the flag. There may be many wrong things to right, but it is not a very easy task to make effective onslaught on the boys who are having to face bullets and bolos in the Philippine jungles.

The debate has brought out the younger senators on both sides. Senators Carmack, Beveridge, Dolliver and Patterson, have had wordy duels and the occasion has done much to develop the latest forensic talent of the senate. Senator Carmack has a sharp, caustic way of speech, and his arms rise in sweeping gestures that are impressive. Senator Beveridge shakes his locks and throws spirit into his rapid firing vocabulary. Senator Patterson is at times quiet and keen in his sharp grasp of evidence. Senator Dolliver bursts forth into an occasional bit of eloquence, and has a way of baiting his opponents into saying little things that they take back. Sena-

tors Spooner and Allison and Hoar, Pettus and Cockrell, and the older men generally, are good listeners. Senator Tillman's outbursts on the Southern race problem are becoming monotonous even in the ears of his southern colleagues, who rebuke him rather pointedly by retiring from the senate chamber while he is speaking, to peer through the doors of the corridor and cloak room, and then to appear when he has finished. And the way Senator Pettus glances above and below his spectacles indicates his frame of mind. Over means "look out," under means a jolly mood. If this feverish debate continues during the hot weather, with a consequent increase of muggy temper, the Record will make interesting campaign reading and Senator Wetmore may startle his fellows with something forcible in the way of a four hour speech.

A CLOSE range view of many of the prominent men in Washington is fascinating. Especially is this true if one can make the observation with no other object except to meet and know the man. So many impressions of our public men of all parties are given with a flavor of "something wanted" or else because of a partisan promise or to gratify a sensational appetite, that the usual conclusions are very apt to become

distorted—sometimes in vaulting praise, sometimes in rancorous denunciation. I confess my vanity feathers have often

SECRETARY MOODY—SNAPSHOT BY CLINEDINST

The Navy department has given way to the War department as the center of public interest. Hardly had the naval feud closed, before the old quarrel between Lieutenant General Miles and the War department was renewed. Secretary Root's army reorganization bill, designed to legislate Miles out of office, was killed by Miles' nine old friends and foes in arms now members of the senate committee on military affairs, and it was thought there might be an end of the squabbling. General Miles always has trouble on hand, but whether 'tis his genius or his luck no man can say.



been ruffled in trying to approach public men—but the bigger they are the more considerate they seem. It is pathetic sometimes to note the faces of some of the strange watchers and waiters at senatorial doors, and the political fate of some public men has been decided more by the way they touch this vital stratum of vanity in human nature than by any position taken upon public measures—and the erring is done both ways. One senator's committee room door is always open and the noisy crowd within proceed to assume to own the senator.

Now I always was interested in Senator T. C. Platt, who holds and controls so masterfully the predominant organization in the great Empire state. His life spans an interesting epoch in American affairs, and his success, it must be conceded, is without a parallel in the history of American politics. In my early efforts to meet the undisputed master of the New York organization it was easy to discover the bitter enmity that has been arrayed against him. He is diffident to the extreme in the early stages of an acquaintance. A mental duel, an intensive, searching analysis of his men—not necessarily prejudiced or suspicious, but cool and deliberate, to a man who thinks well of his own individual importance. Here you have a fundamental reason for his success. He selects the right men. He understands human nature and is a sage at seventy. Well, I was prejudiced too—but pretty soon there was a curl of the lip, and quite a suspicion of a smile. Somehow I began to get a glimpse of the man. He talks little, but listens intently. His eyes may not reveal, yet he absorbs every word, inflection and expression and weighs and digests facts, situations and individuals; while others would be absorbed in making an impression on others, he takes the impression of the other first, and once he does speak, once he does make a promise, it is a bond.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL McKEEVER, U. S. A., (retired) who passed away at his home in Somerville, Mass., in May, was in command of the patrol of the city of Washington the night Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. On that day, April 14, 1865, the officer whose duty it was to command the city patrol was excused from duty because of illness, and Captain McKeever, volunteering for the duty, was chosen. The city was fairly alive with civilians and soldiers of the Union army, all filled with the most joyous emotions. Lee had surrendered. The war was over. That evening President Lincoln and his family visited Ford's theatre to see Laura Keene and her company in "Our American Cousin." Captain McKeever and his patrol, having made their rounds, were returning to their quarters, when, between Twelfth and Fourteenth streets, in the vicinity of Ford's theatre, they were met by a messenger of the theatre patrol on the run, who had been sent to notify Captain McKeever that President Lincoln had been shot. It was a striking coincidence that Captain McKeever should receive the dreadful tidings in front of the Kirkwood house, where Vice President Johnson was staying.

Starting his patrol on the double quick, Captain McKeever was soon at the scene of the tragedy, and, after clearing the street in front of the theatre, he assisted in conveying the unconscious form of the beloved Lincoln across the street to the Peterson house, about which he posted a strong guard.

The first member of the cabinet to enter the house where the fallen leader lay unconscious, with his life slowly ebbing away, was Secretary of War Stanton, who after listening to Captain McKeever's report approved of his plans and placed under the captain's orders the President's cavalry guard of sixty men, Lieutenant Jamason commanding.

The next forenoon, the President hav-

ing passed away shortly after seven o'clock, the body was escorted by Captain McKeever's command of cavalry and reserves to the executive mansion.

The theatre patrol on the night of the

THE LATE CAPTAIN SAMUEL MC KEEVER, U. S. A., CHIEF OF THE WASHINGTON PATROL ON THE NIGHT PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS SHOT, AND WHO DIED RECENTLY AT HIS HOME IN SOMERVILLE, MASS.



assassination was in command of Lieutenant Bolton, and it is a singular fact that Captain McKeever never saw him after that eventful evening.

On the death of President Lincoln the duties of the presidency devolved on Vice President Johnson, who took the oath of office and established his headquarters at the residence of Representative Samuel Hooper of Massachusetts, where he remained until Mrs. Lincoln departed

from the White House six weeks later.

Captain McKeever was detailed, with his company, to do guard duty about the house of Representative Hooper while President Johnson remained there, and went to the White House with him, continuing to do guard duty there until the close of his term and the inauguration of President Grant.

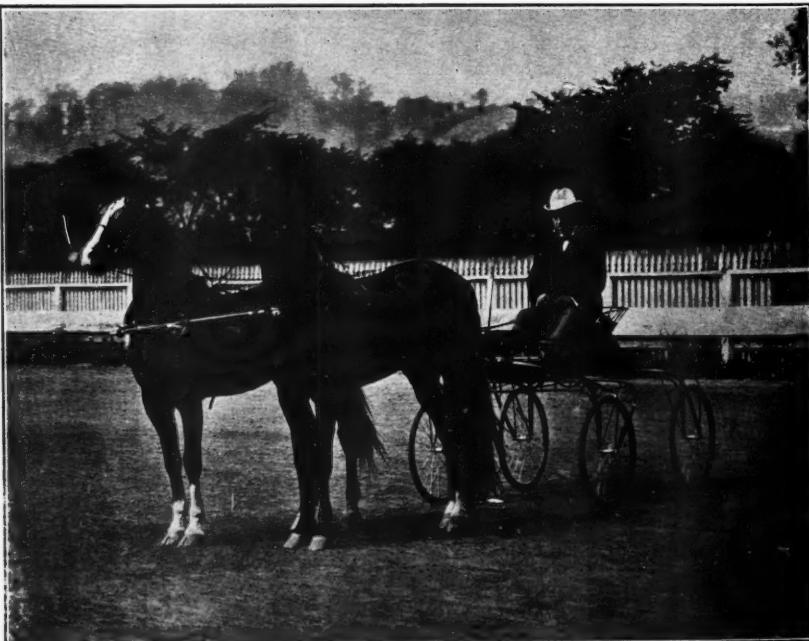
This company of reserves under the command of Captain McKeever was the only military force which President Johnson had at his command. Secretary Stanton kept his department, with its archives well guarded, a regiment of reserves being marched into the building every night during the time he and President Johnson were at odds. Soon after President Grant was inaugurated

he dispensed with the military guard about the White House and none has been stationed there since.

After these four years of service in Washington, Captain McKeever joined his regiment in Atlanta, Ga., and for six years he was in the South assisting in carrying out the reconstruction policy of the administration. He was next ordered to Idaho, and for twelve years he was engaged in keeping the Nez Perces and other Indian tribes on their reservations. He then spent two years on recruiting service in the East and was then ordered to Fort Omaha, where he remained one year until he was retired, May 27, 1889. Captain McKeever was little inclined to discuss his experiences, except with old friends.

ATTORNEY GENERAL KNOX BEHIND HIS TROTTERS

The Attorney General, though closely engaged in prosecuting the suits against the Beef combine and the Great Northern railway merger, finds time now and again to enjoy a spin behind his horses—as handsome a pair as can be found in the capital.

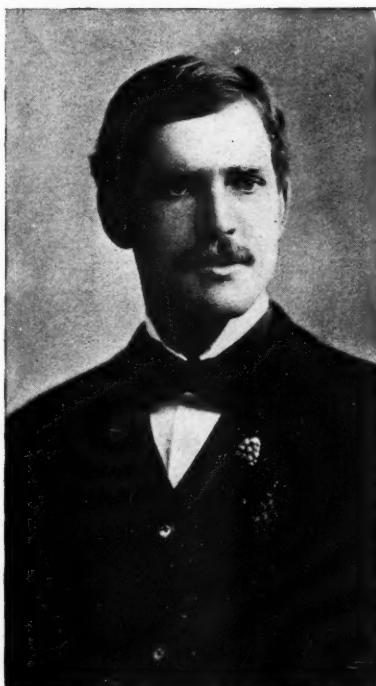


THE first step in the line of improving the city of Washington according to the magnificent plans of the Park Commission was taken when Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, chairman of the committee on public buildings and grounds, reported, by the unanimous vote of his committee, his bill for the new Executive, State and Justice building.

The plan of this building as conceived by George B. Post, the New York architect, appears elsewhere in this issue. It is of classic design and according to the

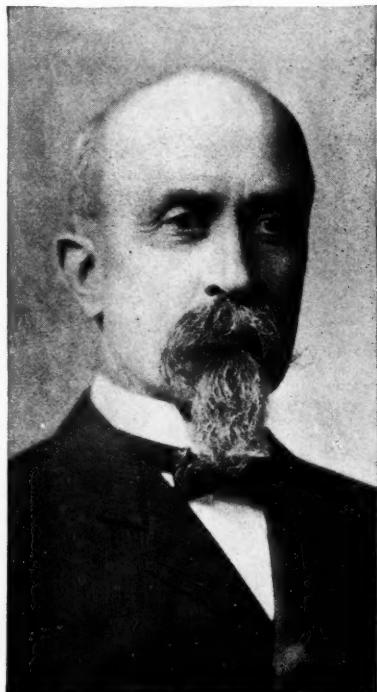
official estimates will cost about \$7,000,000. The bill, as reported, contemplates

JAMES A. GARFIELD, SON OF THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD, WHO HAS LATELY ACCEPTED APPOINTMENT TO THE UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION



CONGRESSMAN BEN F. CALDWELL OF ILLINOIS

Ten of the Illinois congressmen were born in that state. Ben Franklin Caldwell is one of the ten. The other twelve were born all the way from Boston—Boutell, to North Carolina—Cannon. Caldwell lives on the farm to which his parents took him in 1853, when he was five years old. This farm is nine miles from Springfield, the state capital, and two miles from the village of Chatham. Mr. Caldwell began politics as county supervisor, lost his first race for Congress, won his second, in 1898, and his third, in 1900. He is president of the Caldwell National bank of Chatham.

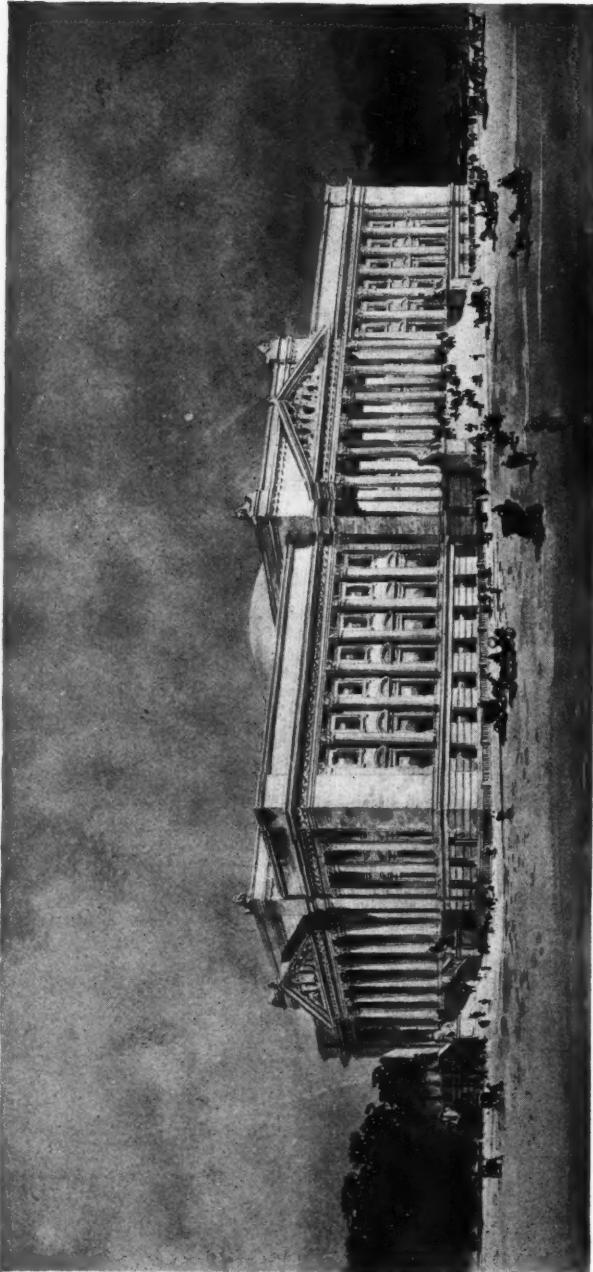


accommodations for the President and his clerks, or the executive clerks alone, in that section of the building fronting Pennsylvania avenue and diagonally across from the White House. The idea was to have the White House connected with the new executive offices by a tunnel, which would be illuminated continuously by electricity. The centre section of the building was to accommodate the State department and the section fronting on H street to afford quarters for the Department of Justice.

When the bill was reported the arrangement was understood to be in accordance with the President's wishes,

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED NEW EXECUTIVE, STATE AND JUSTICE BUILDING, DESIGNED BY GEORGE B. POST AS A PART OF THE PLAN OF THE PARK COMMISSION TO BEAUTIFY THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AND PROVIDE BETTER ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE DEPARTMENTS. THE BUILDING IS TO FRONT ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AND TO BE ONE OF A GROUP OF NOBLE STRUCTURES SURROUNDING LAFAYETTE PARK, JUST OPPOSITE THE WHITE HOUSE



but Mr. Roosevelt has made some suggestions since for extending the White House which may result in an abandonment of the plan of providing offices for the executive clerks in the new building authorized by Senator Fairbank's bill. But this change of plan will not result in abandonment of the proposed building. Mr. Post's plans were drawn originally for a department of state and department of justice only. The idea of placing these two departments in one building was generally approved by the official authorities, since they are more closely allied than any other two. If the state department abandons the present War, State and Navy building, as is now proposed, that great building will be turned over to the war and navy departments alone and be known henceforth as the War Office.

The plans of the Park Commission contemplate surrounding the beautiful Lafayette park, just opposite the White House, with a group of public buildings. The new building would occupy all of block 167 (the site of the old Corcoran Gallery of Art), extending the entire length of Lafayette park on the West.

The only marked resistance shown to Senator Fairbank's bill comes from the owners of historic houses located on

JUDGE WM. H. TAFT, GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

Judge Taft came home recently to submit to a surgical operation, and recovered sufficient strength to warrant him in returning to his post at Manila, though against the wishes of his intimate friends, who fear the climate and his arduous duties out there will be fatal to him in his somewhat enfeebled condition. He strongly urges the duty of the United States to stand by the Philippines until there is every assurance of law and order there, under whatever administration may finally be perfected.



block 167. These homes have in some instances been in one family for four generations. A protest has been filed by the Lees, Blairs, Beales and others against taking the land, but in view of the fact that if the Park Commission's

plan is carried out the site must be used, the protest has been given little consideration. For years these protesting families blocked the plans for rebuilding the Corcoran Gallery of Art building. Finally, the trustees sought a site elsewhere. The only house on the block which has a national historic interest is the Commodore Decatur house; the interest in the others is purely a family one. It is said that Senator Hale of Maine has consented to champion the cause of the property owners and will

resist Senator Fairbank's bill on the floor of the Senate.

In selecting Mr. Edwin Warfield as President General, the Society of Sons of the American Revolution selected a man who by nature and birth is eminently qualified for the position. His whole bearing is indicative of that courtesy for which the typical Southern gentleman has always been noted.

Mr. Warfield comes from old Colonial stock. His family was one of the first to

LADIES OF THE ADMINISTRATION CIRCLE, AT A WHITE HOUSE LAWN PARTY



settle in Maryland. He was born in the house which he at present occupies as his country home. This house stands upon ground that was never owned by any one but Indians and the Warfields, and was granted by patent to the War-

fields in 1766. "Oakdale," is the name of the estate, and the sketch is that of Mr. Warfield's home as it stands at present. That portion of it between the large pillars on the porch is the original house as it was built several generations

A GLIMPSE OF MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, CHARMINGLY GOWNED AND GRACIOUS, AT A WHITE HOUSE LAWN PARTY



ago. This home is in the hills of Howard County, one of the most picturesque spots in Maryland. It is about thirty miles from Baltimore, and contains 800 acres of land. Mr. Warfield also owns the home of his paternal ancestors, "Walnut Grove." This home of Mr. Warfield's is furnished in Colonial style and is replete with family mementoes of by-gone days. There is probably no gentleman in Maryland who has a larger or better collection of relics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than Mr. Warfield. Mr. Warfield's great-grandfather, Benjamin Warfield, was commissioned captain of the Elk Ridge Militia in 1778. His mother's father, Colonel

CONGRESSMAN PHANOR BREAZEALE OF LOUISIANA

Louisiana believes in the encouragement of home talent. She courteously chose one Alabaman, Mr. McEnery, to represent her in the Senate, jointly with Mr. Foster, a native son, but all her congressmen are her own children. Mr. Breazeale dwelt on a plantation and attended a private school until his fourteenth year. He acquired urbanity in a dry goods store, knowledge of law in a law office, of human nature in a newspaper office, and obtained his reward when his people sent him to the Fifty-Sixth, and later to the Fifty-Seventh Congress.



Gassaway Watkins, was a distinguished Revolutionary soldier, who served seven

CONGRESSMAN EDMOND SPENCER BLACKBURN OF NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina has one senator—Pritchard, and one congressman—Pou, who claim other nativity than her own. The second senator and the other eight congressmen are North Carolina born. Mr. Blackburn is one of the handsomest men on the floor of the House. He is, of course, a lawyer, and experimented in state politics before he came to Washington. He was speaker *pro tempore* of the North Carolina House, and is a trustee of the University of North Carolina. Oddly enough, his leading opponent in the race for Congress was a Prohibitionist, and there was less than 3,000 margin for the winner in a total vote of nearly 38,000.



years and nine months in the "Old Maryland Line." After the war he lived the life of a planter at "Walnut Grove," Maryland, but responded a second time to the call of his country during the War of 1812. He was then made colonel and assigned to command at Annapolis. He was at the time of his death, July 14, 1840, president of the Maryland Society of the Cincinnati, and the last surviving officer of the "Maryland Line," "the bayonets of the Revolutionary army."

In the North the advance from the farm to positions of great responsibility has become almost an old story, but in the South it has not been so frequent. It can be truthfully said, however, in Mr. Warfield's case it was but a step from the farm lad to one of the most prominent financiers south of the Mason and Dixon Line. He began at the age of eighteen, taught a country school, studied law and was admitted to the bar. He held successively the offices of registrar of wills of Howard County, state senator, 1881 and 1883, and president of the senate. In 1886 he was appointed surveyor of the port of Baltimore, which position he held until May, 1890, when he organized the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, of which he is still president. This company was the pioneer surety company of the South and is today the largest and strongest company of its kind in existence. Its cash assets amount to nearly \$5,000,000, and it has in its employ as officers, clerks, agents, clerks to agents, and lawyers, over 6,000 people. Mr. Warfield is also a director of many other financial institutions in Baltimore.

Notwithstanding the close attention he

has been compelled to give to his business, Mr. Warfield has found time to take an interest in public affairs. He was a delegate-at-large to the last national Democratic convention, and he is now prominently mentioned for the nomination for governor of Maryland.

EDWIN WARFIELD OF MARYLAND, PRESIDENT GENERAL OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



WHILE the selection of Robert J. Wynne as first assistant postmaster general has given universal satisfaction in Washington, still it has caused some questioning as to the manner in which

the President's attention was first directed toward that very able young man, and has resulted in making public a somewhat curious story, told by Crittenden Marriott of Washington.

It will be remembered that there was a good deal of discussion some two years ago as to who should be nominated for the second place on the Republican ticket. It was conceded that Governor Roosevelt could have the post if he wanted it, but it was understood that he positively did not want it and would not have it under any circumstances. So positive was he in his refusal that nearly all the papers that had been urging him for the place gave up their efforts and turned to other statesmen. Mr. Wynne, however, as Washington correspondent of the New York Press, had been writing Roosevelt stuff for months and declined

to stop doing so. He said quite openly that he was committed to the prophecy that Roosevelt would be nominated, that he might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb if his prophecy mill turned out to be working wrong. So, undeterred by the defection of the correspondents who had joined with him at first, he kept hammering away, sending daily letters to his paper demonstrating that Mr. Roosevelt was the only hope of the Republican party and must be nominated.

Finally Mr. Roosevelt's attention was attracted to this, and he made an opportunity to see Mr. Wynne. "Look here, Wynne," he said, "I wish you would stop this thing. The first thing I know you'll have me nominated against my will."

"That's what I hope to do," replied Wynne.

"OAKDALE," THE HOME OF THE ANCESTORS OF EDWIN WARFIELD, AND THE SUMMER HOME OF THAT GENTLEMAN, IN THE HILLS OF HOWARD COUNTY, MARYLAND



SENATOR GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE OF RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island is small on the map, but large in the Senate, where Senator Aldrich is serving his third term and Senator Wetmore his second. Mr. Wetmore was born in London, during a visit of his parents to that city, on August 2, 1846. He took an A. B. at Yale, graduated in law from Columbia, was presidential elector in 1880 and 1884, governor two terms, from 1855 to 1897, and was elected to the Senate, succeeding Nathan F. Dixon, in 1894. He was reelected in 1900. He is a trustee of the Peabody Museum at Yale, and of the Peabody education fund.



"But I don't want the place; I'm not fitted for it; and I won't have it," persisted Mr. Roosevelt.

"Nevertheless the party needs you. There is no one else in the country who is so available, and I am going to continue to urge you until somebody else is named."

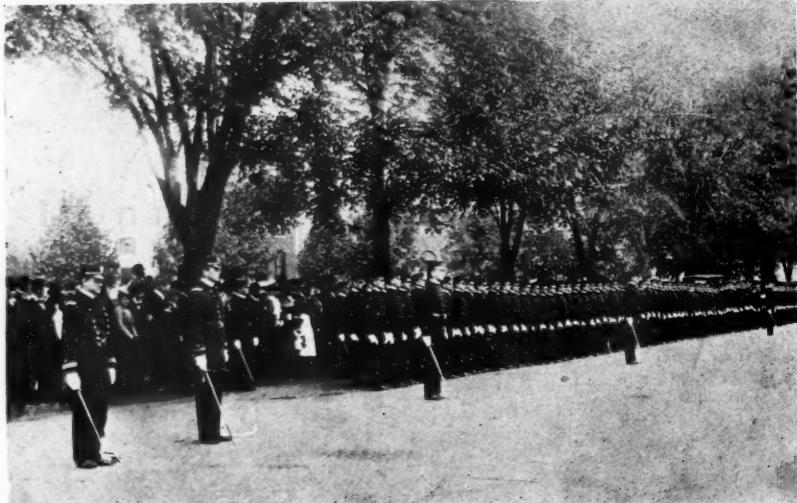
The world knows the result. Doubtless Mr. Roosevelt considered later that a man who could stick to his point as Mr. Wynne had stuck to it in this case, would be a good man for a post like the Assistant Postmaster Generalship, in which a good deal of backbone is required.

AFTER the rush of the social season was over, there were a few blank spaces on senatorial and congressional calendars. From New Year's until Ash Wednesday, there was a rush of receptions and dinners and engagements that was bewildering. The House and Senate calendars were not watched with any more concern than the little vest

pocket note book which listed the evening engagements. It was certainly an interesting phase of public life to see staid senators scrutinizing these little books during a session of the Senate. The happy faculty of keeping on with work at the desk, during the stirring debate, is indeed an accomplishment. As one looks down upon the Senate floor it has the appearance of an arena. The green blazed carpet, and the engrossed care which some give to these desk matters; others to the newspaper or document in hand; others in the pose of a languid listener. The mannerisms and habits of senators are soon fixed, and easily identified.

ONE of the most fascinating documents issued by the federal government is the daily advance sheet of consular reports, sent out by the state department. It has done much to improve the consular service, and kept it in close touch with the home government. The articles have a degree of official vernacular, but

NAVAL CADETS PRESENTING ARMS AT THE FUNERAL OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON
Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association.



SENATOR JOSEPH WELDEN BAILEY OF TEXAS

If Texas were north, instead of south of the Mason and Dixon line, Senator Bailey would almost certainly be the presidential nominee of his party in 1904. He is its natural leader in congress. He was born the third year of the Civil war, in Copiah county, Mississippi, was admitted to the bar at 20, served as presidential elector at 21, removed to Texas at 22, and was very shortly elected to congress. He served five terms in that body, was his party's nominee for speaker of the fifty-fifth congress, and entered the senate in 1901, at the age of 38 years. He says he realizes that no southerner can be elected president during his lifetime.



make very interesting reading. They reflect the spirit of the times, in laying particular stress upon commercial and industrial opportunities for alert American enterprise. The situation in Bangkok, Siam, suggests the need of an American business house there, and the

consul reports the why and wherefore, and insists the city must have an American business house, run on the American plan, with American representatives on the ground; he also notes the wonderful recent development of electricity for lighting and street car purposes in

MISS ETHEL SIGSBEE, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN SIGSBEE, U. S. N.

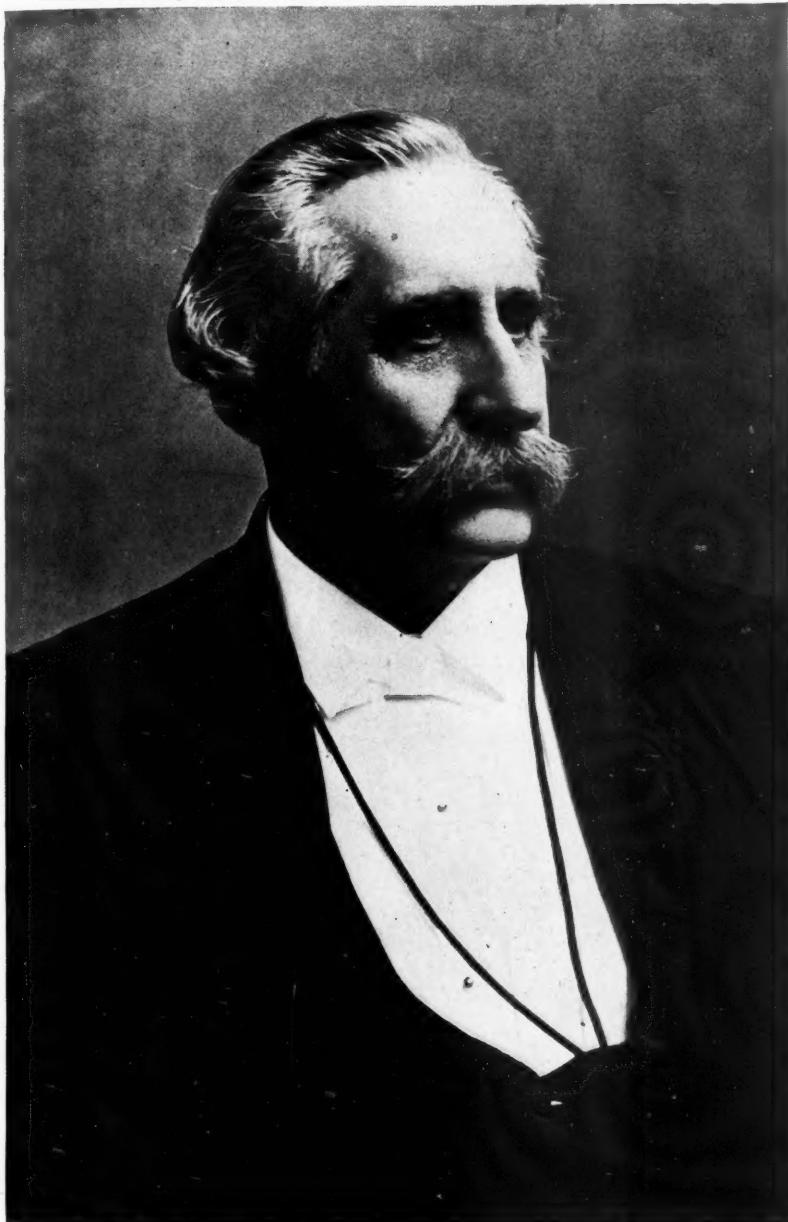
Miss Sigsbee became the bride, on June 11, of Robert Toombs Small, son of Rev. Sam Small of Atlanta. She is a grand daughter of General H. H. Lockwood, a graduate of West Point, who was appointed the first superintendent of the Annapolis Naval Academy, and is the only daughter of the commander of the Maine. Mr. Small is engaged in newspaper work in Washington.

Photo by Clinedinst.



SENATOR WILLIAM B. BATE OF TENNESSEE.

In appearance a typical gentleman of the old southern school, Senator Bate has a record to correspond. He received an academic education, clerked on a steamboat between Nashville and New Orleans, served through the Mexican war as a private, became a lawyer, attorney general, presidential elector in two campaigns, governor, national committeeman, and three times senator. His military genius was proved by his rise from the ranks to be a major general in the Confederate army. He surrendered with the Army of the Tennessee in 1865, but has never since been obliged to strike his colors.



Bangkok. Here is a suggestion concerning Panama hats, another on hammocks and a hint of a new industry; a paragraph on the forests of Russia. The new French tariff regulations and Mexican money fluctuations are reported upon. The sheet contains advices from United States consuls in all parts of the

CONGRESSMAN AMOS L. ALLEN OF MAINE

Both of Maine's senators and all of her four congressmen are native sons of that state. In addition, the Pine Tree state has two other senators—Perkins of California and Gibson of Montana, and three representatives—Roberts of Massachusetts, Fletcher of Minnesota, and Alexander of New York—in Congress. Mr. Allen graduated from Bowdoin College and studied law at the Columbian Law School in Washington, D. C. He was private secretary to Speaker Reed when the latter decided to go to New York City and get rich practicing law, and succeeded him.



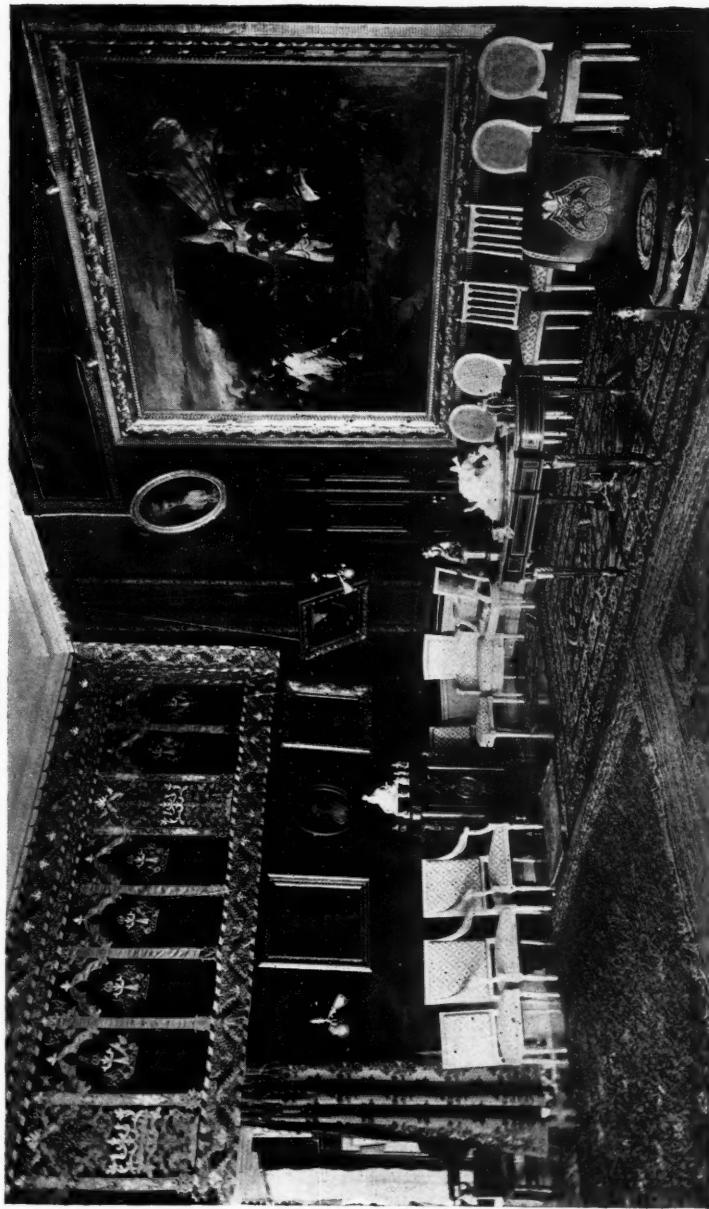
CONGRESSMAN JACOB HENRY BROMWELL OF OHIO

Ohio, as you may have guessed, lets few offices fall into the hands of any but native sons. Both her senators are native born, and of her twenty-one congressmen only four—Shattuck, Grosvenor, Skiles and Beidler—were born in other states. Bromwell is a son of Cincinnati, taught in the high schools there for seven years, graduated from the Cincinnati Law College in 1870, and has served in four Congresses.



world, giving an idea of the scope of their daily work, which is far from being merely perfunctory. Secretary Hay and Assistant Secretaries Hill, Ade, and Pierce, are each in touch with the shifting scenes of the world's commercial affairs. The story of the expansion of American commerce during the past decade reads like a romance and the future may see even greater development.

A PARLOR OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, THE SCENE OF BRILLIANT SOCIAL FUNCTIONS DURING THE RECENT VISIT OF THE ROCHAMBEAU MONUMENT COMMISSION
Photo by Clinelinst



NIEHAUS' STATUE OF MCKINLEY, PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF MUSKEGON, MICH.,
BY CHARLES H. HACKLEY, AND UNVEILED MEMORIAL DAY



The First McKinley Statue

Unveiled in the Presence of Fifty Thousand People on Memorial Day, at Muskegon, Michigan.
Created by the Sculptor Niehaus and Presented to the City of Muskegon
by the Philanthropist Charles H. Hackley.

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

*"Let us ever remember that our interest
is in concord, not conflict, and that our real
eminence rests in the victories of peace, not
those of war."*

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, the martyr president, in the hour of his country's necessity, was one of its bravest

defenders. In later years, when the high office to which he had been called and the demands of humanity again put the sword into his hand and made him the supreme authority, he again proved his ability as a warrior and a strategist; but William McKinley was preeminently a peaceful citizen of the United States

and a statesman. None took up the sword more willingly in defence of country or in aid of the oppressed; none laid it down more gladly when its victory had been won and its purpose accomplished.

This being his nature, it is particularly appropriate that the first statue erected in the United States to his beloved memory should bear the above striking sentence, taken from the speech he delivered at the Buffalo exposition on the eve of his assassination. The words epitomized the sentiments of this soldier statesman to whom the glow of furnace fires was a grander sight than the flash of murderous cannon, and the hum of industry sweeter music than the rattle of the timbrels of war. So the words of counsel and prophecy have been graven deep in the gray granite plinth of his first completed memorial.

The first statue of William McKinley erected in the country which he loved and served so well was unveiled in the presence of nearly 50,000 people Memorial day in the city of Muskegon, Michigan. It was a gift to this favored city from the hand of the millionaire philanthropist, Charles H. Hackley, whose admiration for the late president was deep. It is interesting to know that the commission for the statue was given within six weeks after the world had been shocked at the news of the President's death.

The sculptor is Charles Henry Niehaus, a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, now resident in New York, who had unusual opportunities for the creation of the statue. When Mr. McKinley's campaign for reelection to the presidency was inaugurated, the Ohio Society of New York determined upon a banquet in his honor and elaborate preparations were made months in advance of the event. One of the features was to be an heroic bust of the President as the leading decoration. Sculptor Niehaus was

dispatched to Washington and there the President sat to him and an extremely valuable set of photographs and facial measurements were secured. The idea of a huge bust was abandoned because of limited time, but the sculptor prepared a half figure of the President.

After the assassination, Mr. Niehaus sent a photograph of this half figure to Charles H. Hackley, the Muskegon philanthropist, who had been his patron as the purchaser of statues of Lincoln and Farragut for Hackley Square in this city. The idea of the statue at once suggested itself and Mr. Hackley gave Mr. Niehaus the commission, at the

CHARLES H. HACKLEY, OF MUSKEGON, MICH.

What Senator Stout is to Menomonie, Wisconsin, as a public benefactor, that also is Mr. Hackley to the city of Muskegon. Each of these men feels an obligation to benefit the city where his fortune was made, and each has given, not only with liberality, but with discrimination.



THE FIRST McKINLEY STATUE

same time announcing to the public schools of Muskegon that he would make them a gift of the bronze when completed.

The dedication of the statue on Memorial day was the culmination of this incident. It was an important day for the Michigan city when it enjoyed the honor of being the first city in the land thus to honor the late President. The town was thronged with 25,000 visitors. In recognition of the national character of the event, the federal gov-

ernor sent from about the state, many bodies of Knights Templar, and the Uniform Rank of the Knights of Pythias—in all three thousand men—participated in the parade and were reviewed by the governor.

A peculiar coincidence was the fact that Mayor Theo. D. Morgan was president of the day and the vocal music was supplied by a Welsh chorus of native Welshmen. William McKinley was known as the father of the American tin plate industry and the champion of "American tin." Mayor Morgan's father erected the first tin plate mill built in the United States, and the chorus which sang at these memorial exercises was made up of skilled workmen brought to this country from Wales by the development of this industry, and who now are valued American citizens.

The address of the day was by Clarence W. Sessions, of Muskegon, who declared McKinley "a manly man, walking uprightly before God and his fellow men; an American citizen, typifying all that patriotism and love of country have ever signified; a loving husband, as tender and true as ever courteous knight to chosen lady when chivalry was in flower; a brave soldier, valiant in battle, prudent in preparation, esteemed as a comrade and honored as a commander; a peerless leader, never daunted by defeat nor spoiled by success; a polished diplomatist, adroit, honest and skillful, winning and holding the confidence of princes, sovereigns and rulers everywhere; a most distinguished and far sighted statesman, wise beyond his day and generation, and gifted with a breadth of mind, a strength of thought, a keenness of vision, a clearness of judgment and a capacity for work, that, together, produced a marvelous power of accomplishment; and a more than thrice-ilustrious president, fortunate in environment, favored by opportunity, conservative in action, yet effective in execution."

C. H. NIEHAUS, SCULPTOR OF THE MCKINLEY STATUE AT MUSKEGON, AND OF MANY OTHER NOTABLE PIECES



ernment sent a battalion of troops from Fort Sheridan, Ill., and the United States revenue cutters Fessenden and Morrill to participate in the exercises.

There were present Governor Aaron T. Bliss and staff, Brigadier General Charles L. Boynton and staff, sculptor Niehaus and many other distinguished visitors. The full second regiment, Michigan National Guard, Grand Army

THE FIRST MCKINLEY STATUE

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and privileged beyond all others to set in place the keystone of Columbia's triumphal arch which shall still endure when time unveils eternity."

The statue was unveiled by four daughters of Civil and Spanish-American war veterans and, as the great flag in which it was enwrapped fell away and the features appeared, it was greeted by the cheers of the congregated thousands. On the pedestal appear the words:

1843
MCKINLEY
1901

At the top of the pedestal forty-five stars, one for each state in the Union, form a border about it. The statue is seven feet and three inches high and

weighs 1,100 pounds. On the plinth appear the words quoted at the beginning of this article.

The McKinley statue is only one of many benefactions to the city of Muskegon by Charles H. Hackley. He has given his city over a million dollars' worth of public buildings, parks and statuary. His most conspicuous gifts are: Hackley Public Library and endowment, \$230,000; Hackley Square, monuments and endowment, \$110,000; Hackley Manual Training School and endowments, \$600,000; statue of Phil Kearney, \$5,000; statue of William McKinley, \$12,000; endowment of the Home for the Friendless, \$25,000; Mercy Hospital and endowments, \$150,000; total \$1,132,000.

MUSKEGON, Mich.

THE MCKINLEY FAMILY LOT IN WESTLAWN CEMETERY, CANTON

Photo by Courtney, Canton



An Island Republic for the Filipinos

Dr. MacQueen Suggests the Formation of Three Co-ordinate States Under a Central Republican Government, the Tagalos, the Visayans and the Morros Each to Form a State, and the National Capital to be Located at Manila.

By PETER MAC QUEEN, M. A.

IT is often asked, What kind of government do the Filipinos want? It seems to me they have had a very distinct idea of a form of government suitable for themselves, and it is because we have given no attention to this that the great troubles of the archipelago have happened.

Dr. Jose Rizal was really the founder of the Filipino ideal of nationalism. He was a very sane young Malay, an oculist in Manila, and was executed by the Spaniards in 1897. His thought was a government for his race modeled on the plans of the French and American republics. It is pathetic that Rizal, in the flag he suggested, had stars and bars after the manner of the United States flag. He had an emblem whose colors were red, white and blue. On the field there were three stars to signify the three great divisions of the Island Empire, the Tagalogs of the North, the Visayans of the Centre, and the Morros of the South. Rizal was a poet and a historian and knew his people well. He saw that all the group of islands were inhabited by Malays more or less homogeneous. To weld these into a strong republic was his aim.

More Than 5,000,000 in Revolt

Professor Dean Worcester made a very pernicious analysis of the Filipinos when he told us there were nearly ninety different tribes of them. There are, indeed, many little clans among the hills, but eighty-seven of these tribes do not number half a million, whereas the three great Malay divisions number nearly seven millions. President Schurman reported to President McKinley that of ninety tribes only two were in revolt against our government under Aguinaldo; but he neglected to state what he afterward admitted in his speech at Young's Hotel, Boston, that the two tribes who were with Aguinaldo numbered over five millions, and were welded to white heat in the burning fires of nascent nationalism; whereas the tribes not opposed to us knew nothing of either the Spaniards or the Americans.



Three Natural States

It was because of these misrepresentations, intentional or otherwise, of Dean Worcester, Professor Schurman and others in whom the nation trusted, that our people went into the war against

Aguinaldo. President Schurman has been the first to acknowledge his mistake, and now sees that the genius of the Filipinos was and is toward a republic of their own, with a central congress at Manila. There would be in this republic three states, Tagalia, Visaya and Morrania. The state capital of the Tagals would be in Luzon, that of the Visayans would be in Cebu or Iloilo, and that of the Morros would be in Sulu or at Zamboanga in the island of Mindanao. The national capital would be Manila. When I asked Senor Lopez whether, in case the United States granted the Filipinos a republic like Cuba, they would be willing to cede to us Manila for a coaling station, he replied that they would be willing to pay us any reasonable indemnity, including coaling stations, but that Manila was really the heart and core of the whole Filipino nation.



America's Duty, Meantime

I am inclined to think that we should now go on and form civil governments in the various barrios of the Philippines, establish a school system on the basis of the American school, but train native teachers. After a lapse of years we can most surely entrust these governments into the hands of the Filipino people. The Filipinos will probably always have a prejudice against America. But we could maintain a jurisdiction over the territory like that exercised by England over part of Borneo. The best and only way to procure anything like peace in the Philippines is for our government to promise them some definite scheme of

joint government. Free trade ought to be absolute between America and the Islands, because they suffer terribly from the taking away of the trade of Spain, and from the lack of any reciprocal trade from our country. Take the one item of condensed milk, so necessary in warm countries where milk will not keep. In a few months after we took the islands the price of condensed milk went up from thirteen cents under the Spaniards to fifty cents under the Americans. It was the same on many of the necessities of life.



No Profit in Conquest

Perhaps Cuba and the Philippines may in the future wish to come into the American federation. It would be for us to say at that time whether such union was desirable or not. But it seems to me as plain as an axiom in mathematics that we cannot probably get any union with the former colonies of Spain unless we do two things: First, let them have absolute freedom to form the government they want; secondly, treat them fairly in the matter of trade, reciprocity, and tariffs. In the Philippines our great mistakes have been, first, ignorance of actual conditions and of the ideals of the natives; secondly, want of tact and definiteness, or any diplomatic care for the feelings of the brown men. We have sinned like Cæsar, and like Cæsar we have grievously answered for our sins.



An Andrew Carnegie Needed

That the Morros of the South feel themselves an integral part of the Malay

Republic is seen in the fact that from the start they repudiated the idea of annexation to the United States, and in the more recent occurrences in Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago. We shall never get a candid report from these people as long as we pay men \$10,000 a year to report. Men want to hold on to their jobs. An army does not disband of itself. If we could stop the war in the Philippines dozens of officers would not have a chance for promotion in years. This is saying nothing against the bravery and patriotism of these officers. If I were an army officer I would advocate the war whether or no. If I were governor of the islands at \$10,000 a year (or less) I would want to retain the islands till doomsday. A man like Mr. Carnegie, without salary, would be the best governor for the archipelago.



Fit for Self Government

If the Filipinos are not given civil government of their own, and if cruelties and corruptions are coming up periodically, the people of the United States will grow tired of the expense and trouble, and a change of parties (which

may not be desirable) will be hurried. Of one thing I am certain: we can never make anything out of these swarthy folk until we have gained their confidence. A civil government is much to be preferred to a military one. When once schools have been established and a civil government in which the natives have a fair representation, we may win the confidence of our brave foes. And then it will be seen that they are quite fit for self government. Give them a good constitution to read instead of bloody graves to grieve over. Let Aguinaldo be heard; let Mabini; let Lopez. Truth cannot hurt any one. Try the Cuban plan. We have won all praise for that. Cuba may or may not succeed. With her we have kept tryst with sacred honor. Do the same thing in the Philippines. Say that there shall be no more "kill and burn" orders; tell these men that the "water cure" is abolished by the constitution of the United States. Form republics of the Malays according to their racial instincts. Help them to build a government of their own. Then leave them alone and treat them squarely. No men are known to be unfit for self government until they have been allowed to try to govern themselves.



How Sleep the Brave

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall press a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

William Collins



SILHOUETTES IN FICTION



The Sacrament of Penance

FATHER HENRY was weary. It was more the effort of curbing his memory today than any physical cause. For hours the missionary had been listening to the sins of penitents, who revealed with horrible frankness details of their evil doing. It had been the day appointed for the hearing of women's confessions. He had given advice to women who hated, women who loved, women who stole, women who drank, women who gossiped, and women who confessed with trembling lips that they had forgotten their morning prayers three times! It was the common herd of sinners, and his eyes never lifted themselves from their fixed gaze upon the floor. There was a little lull and the priest threw back his head with a peculiar gesture, which showed something of a pride that the world of sinners never knew. He caught his breath as the odor of a flowering clematis was wafted through the open window above the confessional. What memories, what fancies came to him on the invisible wings of that exquisite sweetness. Regrets, memories of country lanes, of whispering leaves, of moonlight madness, of tender sobbing love, of soft lips—! Suddenly the priest crossed himself, praying through clenched teeth.

The latticed door of the confessional opened and a woman entered. By the

subtle perfume, by the faintly rustling garments, by the white hands upon the screen between himself and the sinner, Father Hénry knew her to be an unusual supplicant for forgiveness.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned. I confess to Almighty God, and to you my father, that I have sinned, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault." She rattled off the prayers perfunctorily, the priest listening to the whispers with unseeing eyes.

Her confession was not different from that of several women to whom the missionary had given advice that day. Late for mass, talked about her neighbors, angry, extravagant, distracted at church and disobedient.

But when she had finished and the priest was about to give her absolution, she broke in upon him with a torrent of quick, impetuous words. At the sound of her voice, hoarse though it was with emotion, the missionary lifted his head. Why would he think of that today, and now of all times? What if a girl with a voice that throbbed with the same note of tenderness had broken his heart once upon a time? That was long ago. He had been a mere boy. And she had been good, and had lived high in the eyes of the world in later years. The poor blessed her name, though they knew her not. The rich courted her, and he had builded a shrine to her memory in his own white soul. His eyes rested

upon the bowed head before him with a patient wonder.

"Listen, father, I must tell you. I'm afraid to go, O so afraid, and I have no one. I always told everything before I went on a journey, and I can't go with him unless I tell you. If I be killed, then I shall be prepared. You must give me absolution, though. You must—"

"My child," said the priest, kindly, "you have not told me your sins. What is it? Are you married? Have you quarreled with your husband?"

"Yes, father, but it is not a quarrel. I could stand that. It is this horrible coldness. An indifference to me that drives me mad. We live apart under the same roof. He looks me over approvingly when he takes me out before the world, and it looks on and thinks he loves me. Last night I ran into his room and asked him to unloosen a pin that held together my dress in the back. I was so tired, father, and I wanted him to love me, to adore me as he had done before. I stood smiling at him, and his cold gaze dropped to the floor. I went to him, father, I, who am proud, and asked him to take out the pin for me. He unbent, and O, the beautiful, hungry look in his eyes when he leaned towards me. My hands went up to meet about his neck, for, father, that was my pet trick in the old days. But that awful night! He caught my hands in a grip of iron, and turned me about till I faced his stern eyes. 'Madame, this is too much,' he said, and led me to the door. 'Do you wish me to ring for Jane? She will attend to your dress.'"

"But, my child, you wander," interrupted the priest. "Why did he do that? Was there no reason? What has caused this trouble? How long has it existed? Tell me these things."

"It has been this way a year now. I always talked about my boy sweetheart to him, just to worry him about something. You see I was poor and he rich

when he married me. He gave all, and I nothing. He knew none of my girlhood friends, and it always amused me to trouble him about them. And there was one, a boy, whom I did love in those days, whose name was ever on my lips. We had a miniature painted together when we were children. It was a lovely little thing, and I wore it at times. My maid had put it in my gown last night."

"But surely," said Father Henry, "that would not make him so angry. Is there not some other cause? Have you encouraged any other man, married though you are?" The missionary's voice was stern.

The bowed head bent lower, and the answer came stifled with sobs.

"Yes, father."

"Why? Tell me why, child."

"I—O, it is all so complicated, and you can't understand—"

"Yes, my daughter, I can understand, if you will tell me all."

"I was away last year, and during my stay met a man, who had all the charms and failings necessary to turn any woman's head. I was too much in love with my husband for him to harm me, but my evasion only served to inflame his infatuation. He was a hunting animal, first and last. I expected my husband to spend part of his vacation with me, but he pleaded business cares in all his letters. Then came little hints from people in town. At last a direct appeal from a friend to come home. My husband was attracting attention to himself by his absurd devotion to a widow, known to me by sight only. I am the most jealous creature on earth. I went crazy with grief, and threw discretion to the winds. I encouraged my new lover, and all but disgraced myself in the eyes of the hotel gossips—"

"Were you guilty?" The monk's voice came like polished steel.

And fast came the answer, "No, father. The man knows if the others

do not. My husband came up at the end of two weeks. I knew he was coming, and I prepared for him. I drove my new friend to the train, I was arrayed in my most becoming gown, and I welcomed my husband with a cool little nod instead of blushes and demure eyes. I asked him sweetly if he would go up with us or wait on the coach. He waited, with scorn in his eyes, till I had driven away and then he bought a ticket for home. Somebody told him that I had met my boy sweetheart again, and he jumped at conclusions."

"This man, was he the old time friend?"

"No, father. *He* is a missionary, poor saint. Why, I haven't seen him since he became a monk, and—"

Father Henry's face was drawn and wan, and his eyes had a hunted look as he raised his head and looked upon the woman kneeling before him. He made a sound as if to speak, and the sinner lifted her bowed head. As his eyes devoured her face, his stiff lips moved in prayer. In dumb agony the priest prayed for strength while the very pillars of his existence rolled and crashed in tumbled ruins about him. This was his dream of womanly purity and saintliness, this his ideal of all goodness upon earth, here upon her knees, confessing to what? —A second and the priest was again the patient, gentle father, quietly waiting for the end.

"Tell-me of your friend's sins. You have forgotten them in your trouble, have you not?" came from his quiet lips.

"No, father, if it be a sin. I am tired of this loveless life. I want to be taken care of. I am weary, O, so weary of loving. I want to be adored, to be thought of, to be some one's life, some one's very soul. My husband despises me. This man that I told you of came to me yesterday. I had not seen him for months. My husband thinks he is my old sweetheart and—"

"Can you not let him be in peace, child? Have you not made trouble enough without dragging him into your life again? Pray tell me your sins." Father Henry's voice was a-quiver with a restless pain.

"But that is why he is so unreasonable. He can't understand, and he won't let me explain. I am going away with my lover. That will hurt him. His honor is the only emotion his cold heart knows. He will not hug it so closely after his wife has fled with another man. But I was afraid to go without coming to confession. I might be killed if he caught us. I know his moods. That is all, father." She shivered as she spoke, and waited for the priest's blessing.

He spoke with the intensity of the broken, uplifted. "My daughter, you are young, you are brave, and may be beautiful. You have all the things of this world except one. That you cast away. You met your husband's faults with ones so much worse, since you are a woman, that they appear crimes. Did you draw his soul up to your height by your purity and saintliness? Have you been on the right path? Child, you *must* not go with this man. You even have not the excuse of loving him. If I mistake you not, your pride has already caused more suffering in this world than you, in your short life, can atone for. Promise me that you will not go with this man." The immeasurable tenderness in the chiding voice filled the woman with a silent terror, and she wept with convulsive sobs.

"You still love your husband?"

"As much as I hate him," she flashed through her tears.

Father Henry let the mask of cynicism fall for a second, while the ghost of a smile hung about his mouth.

"You cannot hate and ask forgiveness at the same time. Will you promise me that you will go back to him? Will you do what I tell you? Your happiness is

all I wish, believe me. The gentle Saviour, crushed and broken on the Cross, will he not move you to pity for yourself? Will you do what I ask you?"

She raised her head, proudly, and said, "Yes, father, everything."

"Then I shall give you absolution, and for your penance, you will go to your husband, and on your bended knees, you shall ask forgiveness. You shall tell him everything, tonight—your deception, your despair, your love, but of this man and his designs, think no more. If your husband spurn you, come to me at this time tomorrow." The Latin prayer for absolution, a whispered "God bless you," and he was alone.

At the same time the next day, Father Henry sat waiting for sinners, while Father Ambrose preached. The odor of violets came to him through the latticed door, and his eyes fell upon his penitent of the day before seated near the confessional. But she was not alone. She whispered something to her companion, and his eyes flamed down upon her rose flushed face, with such glorified understanding that Father Henry dropped his head, and sighed most deeply.

But that night he preached a divine sermon on "The Sacrament of Penance," and she who had been his mate in the springtime of his life listened to the golden words, her eyes passing in wonder from the priest's face to fall beneath the adoration of her husband's gaze.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa.

Catherine Coll

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Her Vulnerable Spot

MRS. POTTSEY stood on the topmost round of the ladder of fame erected by the people of Shultisville. She had been placed in her exalted position by the male portion of the community, as a shining example of what a woman should be, and used by it as a prod to the

energies of the reluctantly admiring and secretly envious female inhabitants. The concensus of opinion was expressed by Deacon Wilson when he said:

"She's the best worker fur ten miles 'round, and 'es got *git up* enough fur two wimmin!"

From this it may readily be gathered that the villagers' standard of excellence in a woman was not beauty nor intellectual gifts, but ability to *work*.

Mrs. Pottsey's capacity in this direction was a never ending source of conversation among the women, and the fact of its being a common occurence in the life of this remarkable piece of femininity to buy calico for a dress one morning and wear the finished garment on the day following, was something of which to brag to less favored communities. And the work upon it was done entirely by hand, for sewing machines were not considered a necessary article of furniture, and were looked upon as a luxury to be indulged in only by the very rich, although they were sometimes acquired by the very lazy.

Mrs. Pottsey's crowning achievement was the trousers of the late Mr. Pottsey. During the lifetime of her husband, she had purchased the material for a pair of pantaloons one morning, and that gentleman had donned those same garments in the afternoon as a fitting—or, possible, non-fitting—tribute to his office as pall bearer during the obsequies of a neighbor.

Whether these strenuous exertions on the part of his spouse had so wearied Mr. Pottsey that he was glad to seek a place where work is unknown, it is impossible to say. He had been a pale, meek, little man, lacking in the energy which the woman, beside whom he had been obliged to spend his life, possessed in such superabundance—and she was not at all backward in showing her contempt for those whose endowments were not equal to her own. This, no doubt, wore

on him to an extent that rendered him perfectly willing to exchange the realities of the world he was leaving for the promises of the world to come. The inscription on his tombstone was characteristic of his relation in life, for even in death he was not allowed to assert himself, but was laid to rest as "Washington, beloved husband of Zenobia Pottsey."

There was no suggestion of meekness about Mrs. Pottsey. She was tall and rather thin, with snapping black eyes and smooth black hair, showing no thread of white. Very courageous, indeed, would be the hair to dare unfurl a white banner in her head. Its death would be sudden and ignominious. Common report provided her with a sharp tongue, but this detriment, in the minds of her male acquaintances, was more than balanced by the material advantages she could confer on a possible successor to the late Mr. Pottsey. Naturally, a woman who split her own wood, milked her own cow, and did other things commonly supposed to be man's work, had many admirers.

As Lemuel Jones—called "Lazy Jones" by his friends, in playful allusion to his well known dislike for manual labor—expressed it to a select coterie of his cronies: "You would not have to do a thing but jest set down and take it easy; she'd do the hustling. A woman that'll climb a ladder and paint her own house is the woman for me."

When Mr. Jones one afternoon interrupted Mrs. Pottsey's strenuous processes by knocking at the door, she was engaged in putting the finishing touches to a "color scheme" in her best room. The predominating shade was a sort of bluish red. In this little community the color was not dignified with a name, but was simply called "aniline dye." It was quite a fad in the village, and everybody who had any claim to distinction possessed something dyed to this parti-

cular hue. Mrs. Pottsey had imparted the startling tint to several objects in the room. The ribbons which held back the Nottingham lace curtains showed their acquaintance with the dye pot. The chenille cover of the small table, on which lay the family bible, took on the same apoplectic glow.

Mrs. Pottsey was engaged in putting the finishing touches to the room, by going over a stripe of dirty white in the breadths of rag carpet, with a paint brush and a tomato can full of the dye. The knock at the door caused her to pause, and upon her invitation "Lazy Jones" entered. He had long been endeavoring to broach the subject of a life partnership to Mrs. Pottsey, but, when her sharp eyes were looking at him, he felt as if his soul, with its mixed motives, was laid bare before her, and his courage oozed out.

She pointed now to her handiwork and said, "Ain't this room beautiful?"

"Yes, Mis' Pottsey, yes; it's d——, ah em,—hem—it's very beautiful. I never see anything that suited me better."

And, indeed, he had not, for he inwardly pictured himself reposing on the lounge with a pillow under his head and a pipe in his mouth.

"You're a master hand at fixin' up things, Mis' Pottsey; you know how to make a body comfortable, don't you?"

"My powers of mind is sech," answered Mrs. Pottsey, "that when I likes people I can make 'em comfortable, and when I don't like 'em, I can make 'em purty uncomfortable."

Mr. Jones did not know whether to regard this as encouragement or discouragement.

"Would you—er—could you—er—" doubt here assailed him—"lend me your hoe?" he lamely concluded.

Walking home, he resolved as a last resort, to trust his fate to a written missive. He was not "handy," to use a local phrase, with the pen, and composi-

SILHOUETTES IN FICTION

tion presented unknown horrors to him, but something must be done.

When he was gone, Mrs. Pottsey smiled grimly. "No sech truck ez him don't take *me* in!" she remarked.

A few days later, Mrs. Pottsey was preparing to can some plums. She was seated on the back porch with a bushel basket of plums on one side and a large jar on the other. On her lap was a pan filled with the fruit. Deacon Slattery leaned against a support to the porch and chewed a straw meditatively.

"Well, you got a job before ye ef you're goin' to peel all them plums," he at last observed.

"Twon't take me long," she responded; "they're wild plums and they taste kind of puckery if they ain't peeled."

Judging by the constant stream of peeled plums leaving her hand for the jar, it was evident the process would not occupy her for a great length of time.

"Mighty big lot of plums fer one woman to eat," he ventured.

"I am that fond of plums I could eat 'em every day in the year!" she answered.

Deacon Slattery rubbed his chin thoughtfully and decided to take another tack. He was wise, even beyond his years, which were many, so he said, after gazing at her thoughtfully for a few moments:

"You are a powerful good lookin' woman, Zenobia."

"Oh, pshaw, now, Deacon, sech an old wooman as me!" but he noticed a little flush stealing over her sallow cheek.

Well satisfied with his progress, he went on.

"I declar', on my honor, when you come walkin' in church Sunday all rigged out, I thought you was the handsomest woman there!" — oh shameless Deacon! — "and I never see a woman 'at could turn out work like you kin. As I says to Jim Wilson t'other day, sez I, 'I don't know where you can p'int out a woman as young lookin' for her age as

Mis' Pottsey.' I get kinder lonesome at times an' I've often thought I'd like some smart, good lookin' woman flyin' round the house, fryin' my potatoes an' bakin' my pancakes fer me," the Deacon went on, with a sad note in his voice.—

"Why don't you git somebody then?" asked Mrs. Pottsey.

Here was distinct encouragement.

"Well, now, I kinder thought maybe you was tired livin' alone, too," said the Deacon.

"Seein' it's you that asks me, maybe I be," said Mrs. Pottsey.

The Deacon, as he walked home, smiled gently to himself. "Human natur' is human natur'!" he said softly.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Lavon C. Cheney.



Toil and the Designer of Things

A GRAY mist scudded in front of the patch of blue sky that all afternoon had been peering between the tall buildings into the studio window, and carried away most of the light with it.

The Boy was glad of this, for his faith in himself was about gone. He gathered up his brushes, throwing a few curses at the weather as he did so in a bravado sort of fashion. He was determined not to be a fool this time and seek unsatisfactory sympathy from people who could not understand. Instead he would go down to the "Vesuvio" and allow its liquid flame to consume his mood.

"Better be drunk than foolish," he said to the Girl as he started for the door. "I'm tired of this breathless pursuit of the Ideal. After all, if I did overtake her, I don't suppose she'd be worth while. This torture of self denial, of looking forever over the roof in vain desire for the things that may never be, while the hot blood of youth in your veins commands you to drink deep of the things that are, is insanity. To the

devil with work and the dreams of doing."

"It is discouraging, isn't it?" said the Girl. "I felt that way myself until you spoke. I looked at your work this afternoon and envied you."

"Envied me? Don't laugh at a fellow because you've happened to find the way to success. Suppose you do manage to paint good canvases and win plaudits. Ten million people have had the same little reward for the same mighty struggle. Already the wear and worry is showing on you. In ten years youth will be gone from you and all you'll have for it will be the memory of heart's blood painted into canvas for trivial 'mention,' and tragic realization of your limitations. The wise man is he who refuses to do what he is able to do; our ability always seems so much greater to us until we put it to the test. Never give yourself a chance. That's the only way to escape heart break."

The Girl was fragile in the gray light. She stood at the window looking into the twilight that fell in hopelessness among the crowding walls of unsightly buildings. The Boy took a step toward the door. Then the Girl turned.

"I wish you would not talk like that," she said. "It hurts. Have I ever said I expected to do great things? You know I haven't. I was mean today and half envied you for your gift. But I don't want to envy anybody. I try not to think of future or fame, for it is thinking of self glory that brings pain and disappointment. I try to do my work as best I can because it is my work and because I must do it. I know it is delightful to win success. We can't help feeling that our effort has won approval. But I don't work for success. I put my heart into my pictures because I have to, and if by so doing I can soften, if only for an instant, some other heart; bring a look of wistfulness into a careless eye; waken a longing in a dreamless

soul, I have the greatest of rewards. Work for work's sake demands no sacrifice. On the contrary, it leads our feet into the ways where perfect happiness may be gathered.

"I know how weak I am and how discouraged I grow even yet. But discouragement never lingers long. All I need do is reinind myself that I am not an isolated toiler wearing out my own destiny in unsympathetic solitude, but one of many who are working to carry to completion the wonderful plan of the great Designer of things beautiful.

"There are no failures. Your discouragement helps me to catch the shadows my portion of the picture needs today; my rebellion shows you the glorious light of patience and sympathy your brush must depict."

"It's easy to talk hopefully when you're already in the sunlight of success," replied the Boy as he grasped the door knob. "I'm tired of the shadows and am determined to get out of them. I'll enjoy myself in idleness for awhile. I'll be on hand to help hang the Picture Beautiful when it is finished. I'm done with brushes."

The Girl laid her hand lightly on the Boy's shoulder. "What great work you are going to do," she said. "Some of the wonderful touches in the picture have been reserved for you. You are not 'tired of the pursuit of the Ideal.' You are only impatient that your hand has not yet the wonderful skill your soul demands of it. Be patient; there's not only Time but Eternity for our work."

They stepped into the corridor and paused in silence. From a room opposite some divine melody drifted to them. The Boy was glad of the darkness, for his eyes were wet. He grasped the Girl's hand.

"I thank you," he said. "I guess I was only impatient."

Leavenworth MacNab

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

A Sparrow Roost

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

AN early December twilight was settling over Boston, a thick foggy murk that soaked down full of smoke and smell and chill. The streets were oozy with a wet snow which had fallen through the afternoon and been trodden into mud; and draughty with an east wind, that would have passed unnoticed across the open fields, but which drew up these narrow flues and sent a shiver down one's back in spite of coats. It was half past five. The stores were closing, their clerks everywhere eddying into the noisy streams of wheels and hoofs still pouring up and down. The traffic tide had turned, but not yet ebbed away.

And this was evening! the coming night! I moved along with the crowd, homesick for the wideness and quiet of the country, for theoughing of the pines, the distant bang of a barn door, the night cry of guineas from some neighboring farm, when in the hurry and din I caught the cry of bird voices, and looking found that I had stumbled upon a bird roost—at the very heart of the city! I was in front of King's Chapel burying ground, whose half dozen leafless trees were alive with noisy sparrows.

The crowd swept on. I halted behind a waste barrel by the iron fence and forgot theoughing pines and clacking guineas.

Bird roosts of this size are no common find. I remember a huge fireplace chimney that stood near my home, into which a cloud of swallows used to swarm for a few nights preceding the fall migration; I lived some years close to the pines at the head of Cubby Hollow, where great flocks of crows slept nightly

throughout the winter; but these, beside now and again a temporary resting place, a mere caravansary along the route of the migrants, were all I had happened upon. Here was another, bordering a city street, overhanging the street, with a blazing electric light to get into bed by!

Protected by the barrel from the jostle on the sidewalk, I waited by the ancient graveyard until the electric lights grew bright, until every fussing sparrow was quiet, until I could see only little gray balls and blurs in the trees through the misty drizzle that came down with the night. Then I turned toward my own snug roost, five flights up, next the roof, and just a block away, as the sparrows fly, from this roost of theirs. I was glad to have them so near me.

The windows of my roost look out over roofs of slate, painted tin and tarry pebbles, into a chimney fenced plot of sky. Occasionally, during the winter, a herring gull from the harbor swims into this bit of smoky blue; frequently a pigeon, sometimes a flock, sails past; and in the summer dusk, after the swallows quit it, a city haunting night hawk climbs out of the forest of chimney pots, up, up above the smoke for his booming roofward swoop. But winter and summer, save along through June, the sparrows, as evening falls, cut across the sky field on their way to the roost in the old burial ground. There go two, there two score in a whirling, scudding flurry, like a swift blown bunch of autumn leaves. For more than an hour they keep passing—till the dusk is turning to darkness, till they are all tucked away in bed.

One would scarcely recognize the birds as they sweep past in these flurries; their flight is so unlike their usual scuttle as they get out of one's way along the street. They are lumpy and short winged; they labor and lumber off with a sidewise twist to their bodies, that reminds one of a rheumatic old dog upon the trot. What suggestion of grace or swiftness about them upon the ground? Watch them in their evening flight, however. It is a revelation. They rise above the houses and shoot across my sky like a charge of canister. I can almost hear them whiz. Down by the cemetery I have seen them dash into view high up in the slit of sky, dive for the trees, dart zigzag like a madly plunging kite, and hurl themselves, as soft as breaths among the branches.

This is going to bed with a vengeance. I never saw any other birds get to roost with such velocity. It is characteristic, however; the sparrow never does anything by halves. The hurry is not caused by any mite of anxiety or fear, rather from pure excess of spirit; for after rearing three broods during the summer, he has such a superabundance of vim that a winter of foraging and fighting is welcome exercise. The strenuous life is his kind of life. When the day's hunt is over and he turns back to his bed, why not race it out with his neighbors? And so they come—chasing, dodging, tagging neck and neck, all spurting to finish first at the roost.

We may not love him; but he has constitution and snap. And these things do count.

One April morning, the 6th, I went down to the roost at three o'clock. The sparrows were sleeping soundly. It was yet night. Had the dawn been reaching up above the dark walls that shut the east away from the high tree tops, the garish street light would have kept it dim. The trees were silent and stirless, as quiet as the graves beneath them—more

quiet, in fact; for there issued from a grated hole among the tombs the sound of an anvil, deep down and muffled, but unmistakably ringing, as if Governor Winthrop were forging chains in his vault. Then came a rush, a deadened roar, and an emanation of dank gaseous breath, such as the dead alone breath.

It was only the passing of a tool car in the "subway" underneath the cemetery, and the hammering of a workman at a forge in a niche of the tunnel. But it was grawsome and unearthly in the night-quiet, rising out of the tombs.

The sparrows did not mind the sound. May be it ascended as a pleasant murmur to them and shaped their dreams, as dream stuff drifts to their sweet voiced cousins in the meadows with the lap and lave of the streams. A carriage rolled by. The clank of hoofs disturbed none of them. Some one slammed the door of an apothecary shop across the street, and hurried off. Not a sparrow stirred.

I was trying to see whether the birds slept with their heads beneath their wings. Apparently they did, for I could not make out a head, though some of the sleepers hung over the street within ten feet of the lamp post. But they were all above the light with only their breasts out of the shadows, and to be certain I must make a bird move. Finding that the noises were not likely to arouse them, I threw a stick against one of the loaded limbs. There were heads then, plenty of them, and every one, evidently, had been turned back and buried in the warm wing coverts.

My stick hit very near the toes of one of the sparrows, and he flew. There was a twitter, then a stir all over the tree; but nothing further happening, they tucked in their heads again and went back to bed.

I waited. At four o'clock they still slept. The moon had swung out from behind the high buildings and now hung just above the slender spire of Park street

church, looking down into the deep, narrow street gulch; a cat picked her way among the graves, sprang noiselessly to the top of a flat tomb beneath the sparrows, and watched with me. The creature brought the wilderness with her. After all, this was not so far removed from the woods. In the empty street, beneath the silent, shuttered walls, with something still of the mystery of the night winds in the bare trees, the scene, for an instant, was touched with the spell of the dark and the untamed.

After a swift warming walk of fifteen minutes I returned to the roost. There were signs of waking now: a flutter here, a twitter there, then quiet again, with no general movement until half past four, when the city lights were shut off. Then, instantly, from a dozen branches sounded loud, clear chirps, and every sparrow opened his eyes. The incandescent bulbs about the border of the roost, were moon and stars to them, lights in the firmament of their heaven to divide the night from the day. When they blazed forth, it was evening—bedtime; when they went out, it was morning—the time to wake up.

The softness of dusk, how unknown to these city dwellers! and the fresh sweet beauty of the dawn!

Morning must have begun to break along near four o'clock; for the cold gray across the sky was already passing into pearl. The country birds had been up half an hour, I am sure. However, the old cemetery was wide enough awake now. There was chirping everywhere. It grew louder and more general every moment, till shortly, the six thousand voices, and more, were raised in the cheerful din—the matin, if you please, for as yet only a few of the birds were fighting.

But the fight spread. It is the English sparrow's way of waking up; his way of whetting his appetite for breakfast; his way of digesting his dinner; his

way of settling his supper—his normal waking way.

To the clatter of voices was added the flutter of wings; for the birds had begun to shift perches, and to exchange slaps as well as to call names—the movement setting toward the tree tops. None of the sparrows had left the roost. The storm of chatter increased and the buzz of wings quickened into a steady whirr, the noise holding its own with that of the ice wagons pounding past. The birds were filling the topmost branches, a gathering of the clans, evidently, for the day's start. The clock in Scollay square station pointed to five minutes to five, and just before the hour struck, two birds launched out and spun away.

The exodus had commenced. The rest of Boston was not stirring yet. It was still early; hardly a flush of warmth had washed the pearl; but the sparrows had many matters to attend to before all the milkmen and bakers got abroad: they must take their morning dust bath, for one thing, in the worn places between the cobble stones, before the street sprinkler began its sloppy rounds.

There was a constant whirl out of the tree tops now. Occasionally a bird flew off alone, but most of them left in small flocks, just as I should see them return in the evening. Doubtless the members of these flocks were the birds belonging to certain neighborhoods, those that nested and fed about certain squares, large door yards and leafy courts.

The birds that left singly went away, as a rule, over the roofs toward the denser business sections of the city, while the bands, as I had noticed them come in at night, took the opposite course, toward Cambridge and Charlestown. Not more than one in a hundred flew south across the city.

Of course there are sparrows all over Boston. There is no street too narrow, too noisy, too dank with the smell of leather for them. They seem as numer-

ous where the rush of drays is thickest, as in the open, breathing places where the fountains play. They are in every quarter, yet those to the east and south of the old burial ground do not belong to the roost. Perhaps they have graveyards of their own in their sections, though I have been unable to find them. So far as I know this is the only roost in or about Boston. And this is the stranger since so few of the total number of the Boston sparrows sleep here. A careful estimate showed me that there could not have been more than six or seven thousand in the roost. One would almost say there were as many millions in Boston. And where do these millions sleep? For the most part, each one alone behind his signboard or shutter near his local feeding grounds.

Now, why should the sparrows of the roost prefer King's Chapel burial ground to the Old Granary, a stone's throw up the street? I passed the Old Granary yard on my way to the roost and found the trees empty. I searched the limbs with my glass, there was not a sparrow to be seen. Still the granary is the less exposed of the two. It may not formerly have been so; but at present high sheltering walls bend about the trees like a well. Years ago, perhaps, when the sparrows began to roost in the trees at King's Chapel, the Old Granary elms were more open to the winds, and now force of habit and example keep the birds returning to the first lodge.

Back they come, no matter what the weather. There are a thousand cosy corners into which a sparrow might creep on a stormy night, where even the winds that know their way through Boston streets could not search him out. But the instinct to do as he always has done is as strong in the sparrow, in spite of his love for pioneering, as it is in the rest of us. He was brought here to roost as soon as he could fly, when the leaves were on and the nights delicious. If the

leaves go and the nights change, what of that? Here he began, here he will continue to sleep. Let it rain, blow, snow; let the sleet, like a slimy serpent, creep up the trunk and wrap around the twigs; still he will hold on. Many a night I have seen them sleeping through a driving winter rain, their breasts to the storm, their tails hanging straight down, shedding every drop. If a gale is blowing, and it is cold, they get to the leeward of the tree, as close to the trunk as possible, and anchor fast, every bill pointing into the wind, every feather reefed, every tail lying out on the flat of the storm.

As I watched the bands starting from the tree tops of the roost I wondered if they really crossed the river into Cambridge and Charlestown. A few mornings later I was again up early, hastening down to the West Boston bridge to see if I could discover them going over. As I started out I saw bunches moving toward the river with a free and easy flight, but whether I reached the bridge too late, or whether they scattered and went over singly, I do not know. Only now and then a bird crossed, and he seemed to come from along the shore rather than from above the house tops.

I concluded that the birds of the roost were strictly Bostonians. One evening, however, about a week later, as I was upon this bridge coming from Cambridge, a flock of sparrows whizzed past me, dipped over the rail to the water, swung up above the wall of houses and disappeared toward the roost. They were on their way from Cambridge, from the classic elms of Harvard campus, who knows, to the elms of the ancient burial ground. It was five that morning when the first sparrow left the roost. By half past five the trees were empty, except for the few birds whose hunting ground included the cemetery. By this time the city, too, had yawned, and rubbed its eyes, and tumbled out of bed.

An Army Woman's Voyage to Manilla

Harriet Osgood Clendenin Tells National Readers How Our English Cousins at Malta Cheered the Red, White and Blue—An Entertaining Journal of the Incidents of a Journey into the East via Suez

By HARRIET OSGOOD CLENDENIN

THAT the United States, or America, as they speak of her in foreign countries—as if they thought there were but one America and the United States were its prophet—is surely, but not slowly, taking her place as a world power, no one who has had any chance to judge can doubt.

When the United States army transport *Crook* sailed from New York December 5, 1901, pier 13, East River, swarmed with cheering people; some of us sentimental ones brushed away more than one furtive tear, thinking how soon the ship and the gallant men on her would be forgotten. We thought that cheering would be our last, little fancying an American ship would be cheered in foreign ports. But then we hardly realized our own importance, certainly the 800 men of the Twenty-Seventh Infantry and Eleventh Cavalry who were on board did not.

Perhaps we expected some civilities from our friendly English cousins en route, because our coaling station would be an English port and our ships had passed this way before. But no one had any idea how cordially we would be greeted by representatives of other nations.

At Gibraltar we lay for a short twenty-four hours. Time enough, however, for our soldiers—such of them as were allowed ashore—to be hand in glove with the British before we sailed again. There

are almost 7,000 British troops at Gibraltar, for old England believes heartily in the theory of preparing in peace for times of war. In the huge rock over three miles of concealed galleries and tunnels have been cut out from the solid granite. No one except the commanding officer ever knows the whole extent of these concealed defences, and he is seldom changed. The war office evidently believes the safest defense against treachery is to make it almost impossible. To some of the galleries and tunnels visitors properly accredited and permitted can go with soldier guides. So, all day long the dripping, cave like passages rang with the sound of American voices—Americans escorted by red coated soldiers. “America” was the open sesame to all but the holy of holies, or rather the places where none but the English commanding general could go.

To see the civil prison (once a Moorish castle and still the most picturesque eyrie on the stone mountain called Gibraltar) permission has to be asked for days in advance. There is almost as much red tape to be gone through with for visitors to get inside its gates as for the offending peon, once in, to get out again. But the Americans went, in parties and singly, deferentially and charmingly guided by the elderly English warden. No one had expected any social recognition, because the time was so short there at Gibraltar, but in spite

of that, General White, the English commanding officer (of recent South African fame) entertained at luncheon our colonel and two or three other officers.

But if Gibraltar was too short a stop for social functions, that could not be said of Malta, the Crook's next stopping place. We had not been anchored in the beautiful harbor more than half an hour before officers from the thirty English ships of war and the land forces, also, began coming up our companion ladder. Invitations crowded in, too, for Christmas festivities were in full swing. That very afternoon our people turned out for the races at the Polo Club grounds, and rather rudely, I think, beat the Englishmen on their own ground in the way of betting. But the Britishers are true sportsmen and seemed to like the Yankees all the better for it. Our officers came home to a man ahead of the game. Was it another form of hospitality? Then there were amateur theatricals at the Theatre Royale in Valetta (better known as Malta) to which again the Americans were invited. Miss Grout, a pretty young girl from Boston and daughter of the American consul, took part. The rest in the play were English. Miss Grout's acting was not more remarkable than the ordinary run of amateur work, but the applause created by her appearance with a bouquet of roses tied with red, white and blue ribbons was tumultuous. The flowers were sent by the American officers, but it was the English who applauded them.

During the five days of our stay at Malta gaiety and good fellowship reigned supreme. One night the American consul gave a dinner followed by a reception for the Yankees, another day was an informal reception at the beautiful villa of Mr. Henry Clapp, an American resident of Malta. Then there was a dinner at the governor general's palace, given by Sir Francis Grenfel, governor of Malta. Covers were laid for forty-five, among

which were included a number of our Americans. Somehow there was a touch of home in the little owl pepper bottles on the table, and the parrot half hidden behind folds of damask at one of the great windows. The same evening Lord Charles Beresford gave a dinner on board the British flagship. Every one from those dinners and other smaller, but perhaps not less jolly ones, went on to the Christmas ball at the Malta Union Club.

To unaccustomed eyes the scene at the ball was an unusually brilliant one, though Washington, with its brilliantly clothed ambassadors, nearly equals it sometimes. I believe every man present was in uniform, even to a Gordon Highlander in the most adorable of kilts.

The American girls certainly took the palm for charm, beauty and grace—so acknowledged by even a British mamma in my hearing. And if the mother of two homely daughters with Princess of Wales "fringes" could commend our girls, certainly the men would.

Last of the large affairs was a reception on the Crook to the British army and Navy officers. It was from three to six in the afternoon, but midnight did not see the last of the jovial guests off the ship. The Americans had formed a reception committee and subscribed liberally for entertainment. It would be hard to say which of the Anglo-Saxon nations came off victor in the friendly rivalry of the consumption of refreshments, but most said the Americans did, in one sense at least.

But these were the larger affairs. Countless smaller ones were going on all the time—little luncheons, constant calls, stag parties, launch trips in the harbor. Then the English soldiers and sailors came a-visiting on our ship, bringing their own amusement in the form of a minstrel show. Again 100 of our men went to one of the near by British cruisers to dinner, and the non-commissioned officers and their wives were asked ashore

to dances at the various paddocks. Certainly the gala time was not for the officers alone.

Last of all came the sad part of it. The American ship was searched for English stowaways by their own officers. Shamefaced Tommy Atkinses were dragged out of coal bunkers, sometimes clothed in American blue loaned by our own men. They will be tried as deserters, but it was not altogether that which made our men look so disconsolate. They regretted their prospective messmates, for the Englishmen were trying to go along to enlist in the American army after reaching Manila. Thirty-five in all were caught. It took all the afternoon. At last we were ready to sail, three hours after the announced starting time. For a long time the wharves along shore, the upper and lower Baracca, and the rails of cruisers had swarmed with soldiers and jackies waiting to see us off. The number had increased as the time went by, instead of dwindling. Our own people in New York had been less enthusiastic.

Then, just after the color of a Mediterranean sunset had faded behind the old historic walls of the Crusader city, our bells rang to go ahead. Slowly, we glided out among the star like lights of the harbor as from the British flagship the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" floated out to us. It was beautiful enough to fill the eyes with tears, if the hoarse hurrahs from hundreds of British throats had not been more beautiful. Then our men, nearly a thousand strong, broke into "God Save the King," and wild cheer on cheer came from land and ship.

So we floated out, signal lights from shore flashing good by and "God bless you," and our own people singing "America" and "Auld Lang Syne" until star lit Malta was a gray cloud blur on a gray sea.

At Alexandria, Port Said, Ishmalia

and Suez, the stops were so short that we hardly had time for more than a consular visit and passing cheers from English, French and German ships, but we could not help wondering if these would have been so hearty before the Spanish war. Government recognition is not all of it, and can hardly in its formality be so true a gauge of the rate of advancement as the social and popular one.

The English are our brothers. We are heart and mind and shoulder and shoulder of the same persons. Another British-American war (were such a thing likely) would be civil war, fratricide. So, perhaps, in one sense, our reception at Aden in Arabia by the Italian ships coaling there was more of a surprise and a compliment than the English welcome had been. Scarce twenty-four hours were spent at Aden, but they were long enough to prove the cordial relations possible between an Anglo-Saxon and a Latin race.

First, the official visits were made and returned and then across the narrow water way between their flagship and our own transport came the strains of music. Their band was truly a magnificent one, for every one in Italy, from prince to poorest vagabond, is musical.

Two of our officers were sent to thank the Admiral for this courtesy in giving the serenade concert. They promptly returned with an invitation for the Americans to go aboard the ship. It was ten in the evening and we were none of us dressed for a reception, but the Italians were so hearty and cordial that most of us accepted at once. First there was music—and champagne—in the ward room, in which our people distinguished themselves. The daughter of General Davis, who was formerly governor general of Porto Rico, and Mrs. Capron, niece of General Humphrey, both sang to the enthusiasm of the music loving Italians. Then all went on deck and the band played for dancing

until after one o'clock. Tea, cakes and liqueurs were served during the jolly informal dances.

The next afternoon the Italians were our guests and they brought their band with them, as the band which should have gone with our battalion of the Eleventh Cavalry was sent to the Philippines via San Francisco. We were coaling, so the decks were black and awful, but American women and Italian officers in immaculate white did not seem to mind. The guests stayed until our sailing hour came, though our Scotch whisky and soda could hardly have been an attraction. Perhaps it was expressed in

the remark of an ardent Italian the night before. He looked around the ward room, charmed, almost hilarious, and turned to me with: "Zere hav nevar been so many lufly ladies in zis room before, nevar—beautiful, lufly ladies!"

As we steamed out from under Aden's frowning purple mountains of rocks, the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America" rang out from the station ships and "vivas" and hurrahs mingled. And I wondered a little whether the enthusiasm was for the "beautiful, lufly ladies" or for Miss America, who has made her debut as a world power.

MANILA, Philippine Islands.



A Song of Content

HOW many million stars must shine
Which only God can see!—
Yet in the sky His hand has hung
Ten thousand stars for me!



How many blossoms bloom and fade
Which only God can know!—
Yet here's my field of buttercups,
And here my daisies blow.



How many wing paths through the blue
Lure swallows up and down—
Yet here's my little garden walk,
And yon's the road to town!



How many a treacherous voice has wooed
Unhappy feet to roam—
Yet God has taught my willing ear
The sounds of *love* and *home*!



How many lips have kiss'd and clung
Since Eve was Adam's bride!—
But God has given me you, dear girl,
And I am satisfied!

Frederic Lawrence Knowles



What is your name?

A Golden Day

By CARA HOWARD CRANDON

ONE fine summer morning, out under the shade of a wide spreading tree, two disconsolate little girls sat and looked down the dusty road that led into Slowtown. As they sat there on a large stone by the way side one could not wish for a prettier sight.

They looked like two sturdy little flowers, for the summer sun had browned their round, sweet faces and soft, dark curls lay in clusters on their foreheads. The chubbier of the two was the first to speak. "O dear me," she sighed, "I do wish we could go."

"But you know," answered her sister, "little girls must have lots of money to go to fairs, and time, too, but I should think there was plenty of time, 'cause we've been just waiting 'round the whole morning. But that's what Mamma said;

she was sorry, but she hadn't any time or money either."

"I s'pose fairs are lovely," the small speaker continued, with a little sigh, "for I know there's heaps of pretty things to see, and real ice cream, and candy to eat, and dolls, and O, everything else, just lovely."

On this pleasant morning they had been told by their mother, who worked so faithfully to keep her little ones sweet and happy, that they might walk as far as that particular rock and tree, pick some flowers and perhaps a few berries, and go home again to help Mamma as much as such little hands could help. But posies had no charm for them that day. A few had been gathered, but they lay in a withered heap in a sun bonnet.

To tell the truth, it was no wonder that

this little pair were excited over the really most important event of the year in Slowtown. Such wonderful stories had reached their eager ears concerning the great and mysterious fair about which every one in the village was talking. Just then a wagon filled to overflowing with merry children came jogging along through the sunshine and dust, all so gay and pretty, and bound for the great centre of interest, as any one could see.

The sight was too much for the already dejected little ones on the rock. Their bright eyes filled with tears, and one small maid sobbed out: "They're going to the fair and will have a lovely time; if we only had a 'goozey' ball I wouldn't mind staying here half so much; goozy balls last so long and are so lemony and sweet."

"Like enough we can each buy one when we get home," answered her sister cheerfully. She had put her chubby little arm around her twin's neck and said in her most engaging way: "We don't care a single bit for fairs; let's come along now, and I'll give you my piece of red pencil."

Just at this interesting moment the twins looked up and beheld a small, strange girl looking at them with a great deal of attention.

"What is your name, little girl?" she said. "And yours, you other little girl? Are you crying? No? I thought you couldn't be."

The twins, thus addressed, wiped their damp eyes and blinked in astonishment at the sudden appearance of such a vision of loveliness. But in spite of surprise the chubby one managed to answer: "My name is Helen Eliza Baker." "And mine," piped the timid owner, "is Eliza Helen Baker. We're the Baker twins," she added.

"Why, you both have the very same name, almost. It's just as funny as it can be. And you're really, truly twins, too? Have you always been twins?

I'm not twins, for I have only one big brother, Stanley, who goes to college; he's half-back at football and is just perfectly splendid, and my name is Rosamond." She gave a little gasp to get her breath after this piece of information, and then continued:

"Every one says Rosamond is certainly the right name for me. I suppose it's because my cheeks are so pink, just like roses, Stanley says."

As she spoke she pushed back her hat, which was more like the work of fairy fingers than anything else, and had tiny rose buds just peeping from beneath frills of the crispiest lace, in the most bewitching manner. Her short, fluffy gown was made of muslin, with the dearest of pink roses, like the memory of an old fashioned garden, clambering all over it, as if to suggest the name of its little owner once more.

And her feet were encased in shoes so slender and shiny that Eliza Helen, who dearly loved dainty things, gave one look at them and then drew in her little, stout, stubby laced boots, as if to get them out of sight as much as possible. Rosamond's sash fluttered like a silken banner as she twirled and hopped about, for no one ever knew of her staying in one place more than a second at a time, any more than a humming bird would have done. "O," she exclaimed, "*Voila la petite Bebe*," pointing to Eliza's doll, which in the excitement of the moment had been thrown aside. Then, as she saw their puzzled looks, she said: "O, that is French; don't you speak French, mignonette? Marie has to talk to me hours and hours every day. I suppose she's hunting for me now, for I'm going to the fair with her this morning. Is this your very best doll?" she asked, taking up rather curiously the pride of Eliza Helen's heart, the thing that without words had given comfort in so many childish griefs and troubles.

"My best doll is put away, for Grand-

mamma bought it for me in Paris, and I only got it a week ago, and I might spoil it, Marie says, if I played with it in the country, but I wish I could, for it has real hair, so I can curl it, and all its clothes were made in Paris and its hat too, and my Grandmamma wouldn't like me to break; it she would be very much distressed, I'm sure, for you know Paris is a long ways off."

Eliza Helen reached over and took back the dear dolly, dressed in its little faded calico gown that didn't come from Paris, and cuddled her closely, as if to assure the darling that dolls bought in stupid Slowtown were just as much loved as finer ones by their sweet little mothers.

Eliza Helen was beginning to think her sister was far too quiet. Although very quiet herself, she always expected her sister to speak up and to be a credit to the name of Baker. But for once Helen Eliza was as nearly awed into silence as she ever could be, for here was a girl actually talking to her who without the shadow of a doubt had been aboard that mysterious "Flying Whitewings" that sped through a corner of the town every day; owned a wonderful doll and could speak a strange language, yet was as talkative and agreeable as any ordinary playmate. No wonder that she drew a long breath and addressed the little stranger with caution.

"How old are you?" she said at last.

"O, dear me, I'm seven," answered Rosamond promptly. "I was six last summer, but it's ever so much nicer to be older. How old are you, you dear little twin girls?" smiling sweetly at her friends.

Helen Eliza, in order to keep truth on her side, was compelled to say that she was only six, but she added, sitting up straighter:

"I should think you would be older than we are, for you must have been born first. Seven years is lots more than six; three hundred and sixty-five and a

quarter days more. I learned all about that in my school."

"There," exclaimed Rosamond, twirling around for the tenth time and glancing down the road in much the same way a bird would have done, "It's just as I thought; here they come, and I suppose I must go and leave you two sweet, cunning little girls, just when I'm getting acquainted, for I know I was going to love you so much!" She caught hold of Helen Eliza as she spoke and gave her a hearty squeeze, and her new found friend returned the embrace with sweet cordiality, for she was a loving little soul herself. The carriage which had been approaching rapidly now stopped near.

"Well, Miss Rosebud," said the fine looking young man who had the reins, "I've had a great chase after you. Does your ladyship intend to fly to town, or don't you want to go to the fair after all? Marie was getting wild about you, until I took the contract to find you and take you along in the right direction, and so she isn't coming at all. Come, hop in, Rosy," he said, holding out his hand.

"Yes, I'll hop in," answered Rosamond, "for I'm just longing to see the fair, but I want these darling little girls to hop in too. Won't you come to the fair with us? O, do, please," she begged earnestly. "We'll take you home again, won't we, Brother?"

"Cert, little sis," answered her brother, "now hop in."

Would they go to the fair? O what bliss. Helen Eliza fairly lost her breath at the delicious idea, and then they did just what any children would have done: they "hopped in," and in no time were settled in the comfortable carriage and had started off in the sunshine.

Eliza Helen thought she must be dreaming. She shut her bright eyes and then opened them again, only to see the horses prancing along the lovely green lane and to hear the sweet music of the jingling harness.

Rosamond began to talk again, or perhaps she hadn't stopped at all, and was chattering to her brother all about her new friends. "They are so sweet," she said, "and they're twins, and they're both named the same name, and O, we'll have a beautiful time, and now do tell Stanley your names."

They told their names over again, wonderingly, for no one in Slowtown ever had thought them of any particular interest, and did not notice that Stanley's smile broadened to a grin. He suggested airily, however, that very likely the small persons in question were named for some one, or ancestors, perhaps.

"Yes, we are," answered Helen Eliza in surprise, "Miss Helen Huntly was good to mother and Miss Eliza Huntly gave her something, gruel, I s'pose, so mother named us both for each of 'em."

Stanley chuckled audibly, and then said: "Well, it's a brilliant idea, and I wonder no one ever thought of it before; you've got considerable name to live up to, but I'll tell you one thing," he continued, peeping under the sunbonnets, "the Baker twins are booked for the best time they ever had in their lives; that's straight," and Rosamond laughed aloud, for what Stanley said usually came to pass, she had found by experience.

Very soon they reached the town and the town hall, where the fair in aid of the First Church of Slowtown, under the auspices of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, and assisted by numerous summer visitors, was holding high carnival. Several half grown boys were engaged in hanging around the entrance, not having sufficient courage to go in and view the festivities, even after reaching the door, and they looked with astonishment to see the little Baker twins arriving in so much state.

Helen Eliza managed to whisper to her sister, pointing to Stanley, that "he looked all right, even if his poor back was half gone." "Hush, hush," cau-

tioned Eliza Helen, "he may hear you, and it's just a dreadful thing, that's all. But Rosamond is the most beautifulest girl I ever saw."

The children beamed with happiness as they entered the hall, which was gaily decorated with flags and streamers and crowded with tables loaded with articles both desirable and otherwise.

Stanley kept his word and made everything delightful, not only for the small persons under his care, but for a good many others beside. It was astonishing how much his pockets could hold, and how many queer articles he found he couldn't possibly get along without, for tables which were not popular suddenly found themselves doing a rushing business. No wonder that he was beamed upon by pretty maid and portly matron alike, for he seemed to enjoy buying as much as they did the selling.

How he would have enjoyed the remarks of the Baker twins on the condition of his stalwart back, and how he would have shouted if he had known that their shy, sweet glances were not unmixed with pity for him.

The pleasures came almost too fast to the astonished twins: first a grab of the grab box, from which Helen Eliza drew the dearest gray elephant with green eyes, and Eliza Helen a Chinese fish in many colored skin, and Rosamond a pin cushion that looked like an over ripe tomato. But when they were seated at a small table and a plate of the pinkest of pink strawberry ice cream was placed before each child, and the twins had tasted enough to appreciate the fact that it was icy cold and that they actually were eating real frozen ice cream, Eliza Helen's amazement gave way, and giving her twin's hand a tremendous squeeze under the table, she whispered: "Like enough we'll get all frozen up inside." But her sister calmly answered that she "'spected to, but didn't care a bit."

After the cream had disappeared, and

A GOLDEN DAY

a second helping too, they played beautiful games with the very same little children they had seen go by in the wagon. Eliza was very timid, of course, but bless her heart, how that lively little Helen Eliza did enjoy it all. She laughed, and she clapped her hands, and she skipped, and she danced, until one would have thought that her plump little legs would have given out from sheer weariness. Some of the ladies who were watching the fun declared that it was worth coming a long way to see a child enjoy herself so hugely. It really was wonderful what a charming hostess Rosamond made. If she always had been in the habit of acting as chaperone for small girls she couldn't possibly have made more of a delightful success of her effort in that line.

When they were all out of breath with the games, Rosamond, who seemed to be more and more fascinated by her little guests, showed them still other joys, ideas of which never had entered their little uneventful lives. Gorgeously colored lemonade, pink pop corn, a wonderful Punch and Judy, who made one long to laugh and cry at the same moment, candy of all kinds, a regular Fourth of July balloon whistle which squealed as no other whistle ever squealed before, and O, how all three laughed with delight when they discovered a little sign on which was printed: "Kittens cry for it," and saw tiny, plump paper bags containing the freshest catnip, which no cat or kitten in its right mind could forget after once having sniffed it.

"O," said Helen Eliza, "we must take some home to Tilly!" "And to Tilly's kittens," added Eliza Helen, who always thought of the weaker one, holding that position herself.

Miss Tabby Ann Smith and her dear friend and neighbor, Miss Harriet Bishop, both devoted members of the First Church, had just stepped into the

hall, to gaze with their own eyes at the festive scenes. They were enjoying themselves in a stiffly austere manner, but they shook their heads at hearing Rosamond order two bags of the fragrant catnip.

"I declare," said Tabby Ann, "if there ain't the Baker twins; well, I'm glad they're enjoying themselves, for Mis' Baker is most wore to a thread working for the little creatures, but she calc'lates to keep 'em as tidy and nice as two new pins, even if they haven't no Pa to do for 'em."

"I'm free to admit, she continued, smiling at the bright, happy children before her, "that they're as likely a looking pair o' twins as you'll find in these parts. It does seem, though, like flying in the face of Providence to pay out good money for catnip when any one knows that by stepping 'round to the right place you can get all you want for the picking."

Miss Harriet nodded her head approvingly, as she always did when Tabby Ann held forth, until her little side curls shook and the lavender flowers in her best bonnet waved, while she murmured primly: "Let them have as can; as for me, I never could."

It was past twelve o'clock now, and the hall was full. There was no doubt that the fair was a grand success, when suddenly above the hum of so many merry, laughing voices, a dinner bell was heard to ring, louder and louder. O, what could it mean? Every one stopped talking and drew near to the quaint old man who was using considerable strength to make so much noise.

The twins stopped eating marshmallows out of a shining tin box, to listen. And now old Uncle Eph began to call in his queer old wheezing tones:

"Lost, Lost; the Baker twins are lost, and their Ma's a-looking for 'em; O, have you seen the Baker twins?"

Every one was laughing now at the

strange, bent old man and his funny mission. Just then the twins, who had been listening with wide open eyes, understood what he said, and they pressed forward to get nearer to him in the crowd, their little arms full of precious packages, their faces beaming with happiness, while Helen Eliza exclaimed in the most delighted voice: "O, Uncle Eph, but we're found now, and we're having a lovely time."

And it was Uncle Eph who departed homeward, and not the sought for twins, for after a little talk with Stanley, Uncle Eph, for some reason or other, considered it a privilege to carry the message back to Mrs. Baker that the children were safe and sound.

"The twins are having a complete time," he announced; "Yes," he added,

"more'n a complete time, for that city young man and his little sister are just the most whole hearted kind of folks I ever set eyes on, sure's I'm alive."

And when at last the good-byes had been said, at the little home gate, somewhat later in the day, it was the ending only of the first of many happy, merry times enjoyed by the three children that summer. O, what a beautiful day it had been. The rosy enchantment of childhood had fallen upon them so delightfully that each swiftly passing moment had been touched with its glory. Not even a very wise one possibly could have told which was the happier that night—the sweet little maids who had blossomed like flowers by the way side, or the golden hearted Rose who had made the day so bright.



Independence Day

NO jot of manhood's mighty will
Dies from our race away,
And Lexington and Bunker Hill
Are echoed down today.

*

Still far and wide, from sea to sea,
While fast the years roll on,
We keep this anniversary
As in the days long gone.

*

We think of them, the patriot bands,
Who first our flag unfurled
Where now a proud republic stands,
Guard of the Western world.

*

The ages of the past are dead,
Their unjust ways outworn;
And o'er the world the light has spread
Of Freedom's risen morn.

Eugene C. Dolson

ONE OF ANNA HELD'S FENCING GIRLS



Phases of American Affairs

Miss Held and the Duchess

A VERY familiar figure that still holds its own in the windows of picture dealers in the large eastern cities, even after the end of the theatrical season, is that of a young woman neatly clad in a black fencing costume, the sombre tone of skirt, gloves, sleeves and stockings relieved by a snowy white blouse ornamented with a single heart. Whether or not the real heart beating underneath is equally single may have been a troubous problem to extreme youth of all ages; for the wearer of the black and white fencing suit is invariably "one of Anna Held's fencing girls," and a member, therefore, of what was billed last season as the "handsomest chorus in the world."

Now it is one thing for the management of a star to advertise a particularly handsome chorus and quite another for the chorus to materialize, as it did in this case, in a group of unusually pretty young women. But Miss Anna Held has her own theory of doing whatever she has to do "bettair and bettair," and her play of last winter, "The Little Duchess," was not only one of the most successful performances of the eastern season, but deserved success by the care with which the management, consciously or unconsciously, carried out the spirit of the star's theory. Even so, the serious critic may say that a performance of this kind is not worthy the dignity of thoughtful discussion; it is rather the rule to bemoan the fact that the general public,

after a day's work elsewhere, is likely to prefer a theatrical dessert to dramatic roast beef in the evening. But in either case the theatre is first, last and forever a place of amusement. If Shakespere had written the book of "The Little Duchess," or any similar effervesence, the difference between that performance and Hamlet would be one of kind rather than degree of merit. In other words, the lighter theatrical vein is not wholly to be dismissed with a learned sniff at

the taste of the play going public--a sniff in fashion, even when Cervantes was writing *Don Quixote*; and a merely amusing trifle, put together by Shakespere, would have been as good in one way as Hamlet is in another, and probably more popular. Unfortunately we have no Shakespere to write our vaudeville, whether in fifteen minute acts or in two and a half hour's combinations of them. But we can at least look at what we have, and our knowledge of the

ANNA HELD

Photo by Chickering



theatre is certainly not much damaged by examining, without too much criticism, the kind of a performance that

displayed figures, beautiful dresses, charming scenery and graceful or eccentric dancing; to hear songs, sentimental,

ANNA HELD (1) AS CLAIR DE BRION, AN ACTRESS WHO HAS APARTMENTS IN PARIS, (2) WHO WEARS THE BATHING SUIT OF A DUCHESS AT OSTEND AND LATER THE GARB OF A PARIS GAMIN WHO SINGS AND DANCES IN A FENCING ACADEMY



amuses and interests a good proportion of metropolitan humanity. Miss Anna Held and "The Little Duchess" come naturally to hand as an excellent example of that which is intended to please without too great a demand upon the thinking apparatus, the more so as the star has become definitely Americanized in her plans for the future, although during the summer she expects to play the serious part of "Du Barry" in the original French version and a Paris theatre.

"The Little Duchess" is not for those who seek intellectual amusement — or enjoyment, whichever way you care to put it—in the theatre. It is a piece frankly constructed for those who wish to laugh, to see pretty faces, more or less

humorously descriptive or topical; in short, to get rid of an evening. All of which may not be dignified, but is essentially human and nothing whatever to be ashamed of unless one has wasted eight hours of the preceding twelve. And it does these things distinctly better than most other productions of the same kind, from the initial choice of the young women who make up the chorus to the engagement of such a comedian as Mr. Franz Ebert, who has been himself a star in that famous company of diminutive people, the Lilliputians, to play the very minor part of a gendarme. During the few moments that he is on the stage, Mr. Ebert naturally raises this part to one of stellar proportions, and the

worldly manner in which the small and convivial gendarme he impersonates tosses aside the cork of a champagne bottle almost as big as himself is more than a diversion to the spectator; it is a study in the art of refined acting. This is one detail among many.

But, you say, what of the star? The question leads a bit into Miss Held's theory of life in general as applied to art in particular; namely, to give everybody

else a chance. "I try to make everybody happy. I do not tell them my troubles. I do not know what it is to be a star. I try to do what I have to do as well as I can. It is my nature. If I see something on the floor that doesn't belong there I do not step over it. No. I pick it up." The management of "The Little Duchess" seems to have adopted the theory and for that reason everybody in the cast has an opportunity. The

CHORUS GIRLS IN LONG SKIRTS

Photos by Chickering



nominal star, whether on the beach at Ostend, in the apartments of Clair de Brion at Paris, or in the fencing academy of Maurice, with the twinkling lights of the Seine bridges showing through the big windows and the remarkably trim fencing girls as a more immediate background, is the most important part of the production without attempting to be the whole of it. In short, neatness, grace, charm and the good natured personality of its leading woman were the secrets of its success.

Add to these qualities sincere hard work in private and, on the stage, a certain bravado and a certain spice of whimsical naughtiness and you have Miss Anna Held herself,—the Parisian spirit noticeably modified by some years of acquaintance with the American notion of propriety. And let us be frank. This American notion of propriety admits of much that is crudely coarse and disgusting and which Miss Held's Parisian cultivation will have taught to do with. Therefore, the combination is a good thing for the American public.

Ralph Bergengren

BOSTON.

Tent Life for Health

IN contrast to the lot of those, who, exiled from home in search of health, are dependent on the tender mercies of boarding house or hotel, is our happy experience of housekeeping in gipsy fashion during four years' wandering. The freedom of life, the comforts of the home table, and the joy of home companionship have been priceless.

For success in such an undertaking, there must be a home maker—versatile, cheery, untiring. One meets many of these comrades of the exile—dear people all—a sister, a wife, a husband, a mother. Mine was a "little mother."

It was a physician's order that sent us from our Minnesota home to Phoenix,

Arizona, where we spent one winter. Then followed two years at Tucson and a year in Idaho, from which state I now write.

The Phoenix winter was spent in adjusting ourselves to a new world, and not with entire success, since we did not realize the local influence of irrigation upon climate. We chose a little house in a bewitching old garden, with rose and cypress hedges, an orchard, palm trees, pampas grass and other features that gave us beautiful photographs to send to Eastern friends; but the situation was too damp for health, and the

CAMP NEAR ORACLE, ARIZONA



dews were heavy and chilly, and neutralized to some degree the benefit of the dry climate.

Phoenix has left a thousand pleasant pictures on my mind, and I question the need of our seeking a better winter climate than that. It would have been wiser, had we gone to the desert on the edge of the city, where we could have built a tent house, following the example of a neighbor, and lived happily. Our friends spent several winters under their canvas roof.

Nearly all invalids find the Arizona summers debilitating in spite of the local tradition that the heat is the great specific for recovery. The residents make summer journeys to the coast, to the Grand Canyon, to Flag Staff, in the pine belt of northern Arizona, or to the old home in the East. We took our summer outing at La Jolla, Cal., by the sea, using a

tiny furnished house there, enjoying the sea but glad to return to the dry air of the desert.

We chose Tucson in preference to Phoenix because its climate is little influenced by irrigation. It is also more favorable to health on account of its altitude—2,675 feet above sea level—twice the altitude of Phoenix. Tucson is an old adobe town, compactly built, dusty and ill smelling. This unsanitary condition decided us to go out to the mesa between the city and the Territorial University, where we built for \$150, on leased ground, a two roomed cottage twelve feet by twenty-six, calling it "The Ark." We paid \$4 per month for water and ground rent, but as we sold the house after two winter's use for two-thirds of its cost, our rent was nominal. Our home was nothing more than a wooden tent, but the redwood walls lent themselves to decoration, and the sliding cottage windows—which the carpenter thought were fit only for a wood shed—were, with a long shelf above, our especial delight. Cots, piled with pillows, masqueraded as couches, and floor borders painted and waxed, with denim centerpiece, suited this dusty country.

In the south-west, where there is no cheap servant class, light housekeeping is common. With fuel expensive, and heat in the house oppressive, the baker's cart with its supplies of brown and white

TENT HOUSE OF PHOENIX NEIGHBORS



bread, baked beans, hominy and pastry, is a feature of daily life. The "delicatessen" stores also offer a bewildering array of appetizing dainties. Such other

ON THE BEACH AT LA JOLLA, CAL.



foods as the invalid needs—milk, cream, eggs and steak—involve but little labor in preparation. In a climate where chrysanthemums linger until violets bud, green vegetables are marketed by the Chinamen all winter. The shrill call "Vegetably!" is the first salute of the early morning. The matchless beauty of an Arizona morning alone can compensate for that lost half hour of sleep. Green peas, asparagus and strawberries appear in the early spring and continue in perfection for months. Everything is brought to the door. The butcher boy, the order boy from the grocery, and the milk man, all follow in turn. It is a novel experience to barter with the Mexican for "lani" (wood), as they go by with creaking carts laden with the mesquite; or one may buy for fifty cents a load already cut and split, and strapped to the back of a burro. A procession of these patient creatures passes into town each evening from across the desert.

The changing temperatures of day and night are a constant surprise to a newcomer. In winter, after an almost tropical day, the night seems suddenly and bitterly cold, but the morning dawns in dazzling light, and by nine o'clock fires die out, windows and doors are flung

wide open, and until sundown the sun warms the house.

No where have we lost caste by our simple way of living. Westerners are big hearted. They have not forgotten their own pioneer days, and sympathy is

our neighborhood, building little cottages in the rear; and afterward, health improving, erected each a pretty modern house in front. Indeed, Tucson is rapidly becoming a modern city, and the mesa across which we looked unhindered

THE ARK, TUCSON, ARIZONA



Photograph by Jessie A. Pratt

strong. Health for some member of the family has been the underlying motive that has brought to these desert cities nearly all of their educated white population. There is something about the wideness of the desert outlook of which the very spirit of a man partakes. There is a calmness about a well ordered life under these smiling skies that one thinks will remain his should he ever return to the turmoil of a busy life. And if there were not promise of many days, it would be sweet to have learned how satisfying are the simple, elemental things of life. But whether one does or does not turn philosopher as he dreams in the sunshine under these skies, he may have the keen pleasure of fitting his old hobbies to a new country. Let him be a botanist, a bird student, a camera fiend, a collector, a student of Spanish or a story writer; and no briefest outing will be commonplace.

Encouraged by our house building venture, several invalids bought lots in

toward the mountains, is already dotted with pretty homes.

We remained in our little cabin that first year until July 15th. This was a month too long. The thermometer in our coolest room registered 113 degrees day after day. The dryness of the air, however, relieved the oppressive effect of the heat, since it caused rapid evaporation. Water can be kept refreshingly cold in the hottest weather in the porous water jars which the Mexicans use. We preferred, as more sanitary, a water pitcher with a wet cloth pinned about it and set in our open air cupboard. Weary of heat, we made up a camp outfit—tent, cots, folding table, camp chairs and bedding—and went by stage to Oracle, forty-five miles north, a village in the foothills of the Santa Catalina mountains, whose beauty, seen from our cabin home on the mesa, had always allured us. There, at an altitude of 4,500 feet, we found a temperature at least ten degrees cooler than that we had left, and in the shade

found comfort. Such shade! Great live oaks, tiny leaved, wide spreading, gnarled; alive with birds, where the desert was silent; green when all else was brown; good to dream under and to look upon. Walks into the hilly pastures revealed in wide outlooks a country of great diversity and beauty. It was a relief here to drop all cares of house-keeping and take our meals at a hotel near by. We had, however, our own tent home under the live oaks in a secluded little valley. At night we slept on cots outside our tent door under the stars and awoke with the birds to watch the changing lights and shadows. Corot never painted a more beautiful scene. We did not escape harmless encounters with other summer residents. Two tarantulas, a centipede, and a black diamond rattler became the prize trophies of the collector.

We remained at Oracle until October, returning then to spend a second winter

in Tucson. Personal reasons now decided us to go north for the summer to visit and perhaps find a permanent home in Idaho. The national weather bureau reports for Boise an annual rain fall of about sixteen inches—hardly more than Tucson receives. Indeed, the country about Boise, with its long lines of cottonwoods following the canals, its orchards, its cattle knee deep in alfalfa, reminded us always of Phoenix. We profited by our experience and left the irrigated land, and sought the "desert primeval," taking with us our old tent and followed by our faithful collie Roy. We found, twenty miles north of Boise, a beautiful valley ranch, watered by a trout stream and lovely as an emerald in the golden hills. There, at an altitude of 3,500 feet, we spent three happy months. Our breakfast was cooked on a sheet iron camp stove, set up outside of the tent. Our other meals were taken at the ranch house, where we met harvesters, miners

CAMP CONTENT, GARNET, IDAHO

Photograph by Jessie A. Pratt



and cattle men—transient guests, whose talk helped much to an understanding of the new West. We feasted on brook trout the first month and on sweet corn the next; tomatoes in perfection followed, and apples, for which Idaho is becoming famous.

We found the summer here even drier than in Arizona, no rain falling for three months. The heat was intense for several hours at midday, but the nights were refreshing. As there is some dew on account of local irrigation, we slept within the tent, but with door and window open; conditions were almost perfect for health.

What could Idaho give us for a winter climate? Again we studied weather bureau reports, consulted with old timers, and at last decided to try Garnet, a little hamlet tucked deep down between the bluffs of the Snake river. Protected thus from the cold winds, it has a climate of its own. Our journey was by rail to Mountain Home, and thence

twenty miles by stage across the sage brush desert. At Garnet we fully realized our dream of a tent house. Hitherto our twelve by fourteen tent had been stretched on the ground and was inconveniently low at the sides. We made a strong frame work of pine to hold the tent in shape and put down a jointed floor, and lifted the tent above wooden wainscoting; while a cottage window and a canvas covered screen door gave additional light and air. We lightened our work here by preparing only two meals at home, and taking dinner at a ranch house near us.

We have given the tent house a thorough trial, for, as this is written, winter is already past. Last year it was not colder here than thirteen degrees above zero; this winter the mercury dropped twice to five degrees below zero. It would not be fair to say that we were comfortable, but by keeping a jolly fire going we came through the severe weather without harm. The winter for the most

CARTWRIGHT'S RANCH, NEAR BOISE, IDAHO

Photograph by Jessie A. Pratt



part was mild and bright, and short, for peaches blossomed in March. In rainy days our tent roof is damp. This could have been avoided by adjusting the fly on a separate ridge pole and allowing it to extend beyond the eaves of the tent.

The scenery here is weird and strange, with a sort of rugged beauty. The deep green river rushes with swift current between the steep black lava bluffs. Here and there a stretch of fertile land widens the valley, watered by living springs. This, too, is a desert country, with rainfall so slight that crops will not mature without irrigation. Here, as in Arizona, the lizard, the horned toad and the sage brush are at home. The boys trap wild cats on the hillside near us, and the coyote's wild cry is often echoed from the opposite cliffs. It is lonely indeed; but we get the restfulness of the sunny days and the long quiet nights; and we find our pleasure in the closer intimacy of home life, in letters to and from our friends, in our books, and in the papers that the tri-weekly mail brings us from the busy world without.

All the while we realize that the days we are spending here look forward to our resuming life at home. The gain in health has been steady, notwithstanding the exposure and changes incident to our tent life, so that we are ready to accept as true the statement now often made, that climate is not so much the specific for lung trouble as fresh air; and if it is our fortune to return to Minnesota, it will be to continue, so far as each season permits, the habit of outdoor life.

Jessie A. Pratt

GARNET, Idaho



John H. Kirby of Texas

JOHN H. KIRBY of Houston, a native of Woodville, has come to be in many respects the most considerable figure of that extraordinary society holding the

boards of Texas today. He is probably the greatest lumberman in the world, for

MARCELLUS E. FOSTER, EDITOR IN CHIEF OF THE HOUSTON CHRONICLE

Mr. Foster was managing editor of the Houston Post, and the youngest man holding such a position in the United States when, a little over a year ago, the Chronicle Company was organized. He was elected its president and editor in chief, and has made the Chronicle one of the best evening papers in America. He is an ally of Mr. Kirby in the development of Texas, and is, moreover, a good example of the sort of young men produced by the new order in that state.



the mills owned outright by the Kirby Lumber Company, of which he is the head, have an annual capacity of 350,000,000 feet of lumber. To employ the graphic expedient of the illustrative statistician, this product of the Kirby Mills is sufficient, if occasion arises, to girdle Earth at the equator with a sidewalk one inch thick and two feet eight inches wide. His career has been dazzling; his

position, the pioneer of vast financial operations in Texas, attained against difficulties less than two years ago pronounced insurmountable, eminently difficult; and that he should maintain it against the attacks of an opposition jealous, suspicious and ulterior, a very miracle of alertness and dexterity. He has brought into the state of Texas forty millions of dollars from the Lombardian coffers of the East. His plans, simple and unequivocal in proportion to their grandeur, are as colossal, impressive and substantial as the pyramids: a thirty million dollar corporation, the Houston Oil Company, purchases a million acres of land underlaid with oil sands and covered with splendid yellow pine forests; a ten million dollar corporation, the Kir'y Lumber Company, purchases, in perpetuity, the timber rights to these million acres. Over these vast areas, the systems of modern forestry are enforced; the scientific preserver of forests goes hand in hand with the wood chopper; the forest becomes a garden of huge vegetables yielding its Titan crops at regular intervals. I am convinced that upon the thoughtfully planned and carefully executed projects of John H. Kirby will hinge that modification of effete and sentimental statutes so essential to the unhampered progress of the new Texas. I have the privilege of knowing him somewhat more than casually. He has the face, manner, bearing, figure, of the man who thinks rapidly, accurately, and executes vigorously—at once the designer and the craftsman. Tall and somewhat athletically built, he gives the impression of a high degree of muscular and nervous force, under ready control. His face is round, ingenuous, almost boyish, his features oddly regular and pleasing, his eye, blue bright, and sanguine, with sparks both of fun and sagacity. His voice, defective at times through a nasal tendency easily correctible, has the soft, foggy quality which I

have found inseparable from men who readily inspire confidence. His smile is ready, sympathetic, engaging; his manner and movements in business, brisk and determinate, in repose languid and indolent; his vices, rather poor cigars—of which, with mistaken generosity, he keeps an open box upon his desk—and stories of a reminiscent or illustrative nature utilized with astonishing dexterity to gain time for thought or side track an issue. To go below these superficies, is to come upon qualities which explain the man's extraordinary success; sincerity, sound judgment, constancy of purpose; above all a whole hearted honesty, irradiated in all the genial warmth, attention and self effacement of the gentleman. He has a pleasing *naivete* of manner, an informality of bearing, which is completely disarming. Few men are on terms of ceremony of artificiality with him after a single interview. It is a quality of many men of unusual force, this contempt of form. Kirby's offices in Houston are as busy and methodical as a hive but as breezy and unconventional as a prairie "round up." After listening intently (a faculty which he possesses to an unusual degree) and analyzing rapidly, consisely, exhaustively, some unusually complex details, he said to me, laughing: "Glad you've got along so far, old man. That's the kernel. Aldridge will give you the list of plants and equipments"; and just so unconventionally was concluded an important deal to which both sides had been giving months of attention. And then he reached over to an appalling monument of papers and handed me a long typewritten sheet of figures and tabulations, while he sat back and ground off the end of one of his deadly cigars. "My first statement," he said, and there was the exuberant enthusiasm of a school boy in the tone of his voice and lighting of his face. "Rather good for three months, don't you think, considering,

PHASES OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS

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JOHN H. KIRBY OF HOUSTON, TEXAS



too, the extraordinary expenses incident to organization and the establishment of system?" and he gave me the percentage.

Make mine enemies welcome for they are the couriers of success, is something of the philosophy of this hardy and efficient Texan. He has enjoyed no immunity from the covert attacks of the envious and the spleenetic, the stinking army of disparagers, backbiters and knockers whose pestilent effluvia gives notice that a man is going up the hill. But, in this happy old world, there is commonly a friend for every foe, however they are not always so obvious; and, at the moment when things were blackest, when the courts were filled with cunningly devised attacks upon the great institution Kirby's genius and devotion had founded, when every manner of diabolical contrivance was brought to bear which spite, envy and petty prejudice could devise, at that moment, the hefty men from every point and corner of the Lone Star came trooping down to Houston, and they gave Kirby a rousing banquet which everybody in the state who amounted to anything attended, and they whooped and cheered and toasted till there was no mistake about what they meant. That rugged old square tower, Colonel R. M. Johnston of the Houston Post, champion of Texas, Texans and Texas progress, was the life and mover of this banquet, and its spirit went out in no uncertain terms, the hearty, unanimous, rough and-ready Western cheer-word, with just the suspicion of a danger ring in it, "Go it, old man. We're with you!" After that they quieted down. *Henry Rightor*

NEW ORLEANS



General Edward S. Bragg, a Fighting American

IN appointing Gen. Edward Stuyvesant Bragg, the leader of the famous "Iron Brigade" of the Army of the Potomac,

to be the first consul general of the United States to the new republic of Cuba, President Roosevelt has selected a man whose character and picturesque-ness are not altogether unlike his own.

Whether as soldier or civilian, General Bragg's public record is one to command respect and inspire pride. His old army comrades are devoted to him and no appointment could have been made from Wisconsin that would have given more satisfaction.

General Bragg's military career began with his commission as captain of Company E, Sixth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, May 5, 1861. He served until October 8, 1865, when he was mustered out as a brigadier general, having participated in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, except those of the Peninsula, Gettysburg and Five Forks. The brigade that he commanded suffered the greatest losses known to the statistics of war. The disaster to the Light Brigade at Balaklava was small in comparison.

In civil life General Bragg first attracted national attention when, as a Democratic member of the House of Representatives, in 1878, with Samuel J. Randall in the speaker's chair, he attacked, in a way that would have been ineffective from a Republican, the then numerous rebel war claims. His speech ended the efforts to recover for such losses. He served three terms in Congress, from 1877 to 1883. He was a delegate to the Charleston convention in 1860, as a Douglas Democrat. In 1868 he was a delegate to the Soldiers' and Sailors' convention that nominated Horatio Seymour for the presidency. In 1884, as chairman of the Wisconsin delegation to the convention that nominated Grover Cleveland to the presidency, he was the author of that famous phrase: "We love him for the enemies he has made." In the fall of 1885 President Cleveland appointed General Bragg

minister to Mexico, and he represented this country there for four years with dignity and acceptability. In 1896, as one of the delegates at large from Wisconsin to the Democratic national convention, and again chairman of the delegation, he opposed Bryanism stoutly, supported by eighteen of the

GENERAL EDWARD S. BRAGG, UNITED STATES CONSUL GENERAL AT HAVANA



twenty-four delegates representing the state. Later he was one of the twenty-three men who met in Chicago, July 2, and took the preliminary steps that resulted in the Indianapolis Gold Democratic Convention, to which Mr. McKinley owed his election. General Bragg was a candidate for the presidential nomination before that convention but local conditions in Illinois, gave the nomination to General John M. Palmer, of that state. General Bragg took the stump in Wisconsin and that state gave McKinley more than 102,000 plurality, the largest, in proportion to total vote cast, given in any state west of the Hudson river. In 1900 he supported McKinley, as a Democrat who would not consent to the defilement of Democracy with Populistic doctrines.

General Bragg is a native of Unadilla, Otsego County, New York, educated at Hobart College, and a lawyer by profes-

sion. He settled in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in 1850, two years after the state was admitted, and has always, since, been a prominent figure. He passed his seventy-third birthday Feb. 23 last, and has been almost constantly in attendance at court, as an active practitioner, since that day. General Bragg's wife, who is a Southern woman, was Miss Cordelia Coleman, when they were married, January 2, 1855. They have had four children born to them, a son and three daughters. Two of the daughters are living. One is the wife of an officer in the navy, the other, whose handsome home is on New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., is the wife of Major Scriven of the United States Signal Corps, who commanded the signal corps that kept open the only line of communication between Tien Tsin and the front, during the advance on Pekin.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

Ellis B. Usher



For My Soul's Feast and Sacrament

A GAINST the darkness of my room
I saw thy face appear and bloom,
A granted vision of delight
Unto the night.
Thine eyelids full and fervent, white
As bride-rose petal, drooping, swept
A silken fringe of lashes, dark
As shadows cast upon the snow
Upon the marvel of thy cheek
Where bloomed no rose their shade
below.
But as the glimpse of some deep pool,
Rock-bound and clear, that shineth cool
From out its shade-environment,
The wonder of thy shining eyes
Gave gleam and glow of love's replies
To one who should with passion seek.
As honeyed sweetness often slips

From heart of rose but newly born
And opened with the blush of morn,
Thro' carven chalice of thy lips
Thy breath stirred with its faint perfume
My chamber's gloom.
The parted streams of thy soft hair
Embraced thy brows so maiden-fair,
Caressed thy cheeks and downward crept,
A shadow trail enspun with gold,
And clung and curled about thy feet
In dusky fold.
Unto the sounds of night afar,
Past guarded door and window-bar,
My heart kept time with fervent beat
And all my soul cried "Hark! Oh hark!"
Unto the angel vision sent
For my soul's feast and sacrament.

Julia Neely Finch

Note and Comment

By FRANK PUTNAM

POOR LITTLE MARY MAC LANE

FROM Butte, which is commonly mute,
Comes a cry of ecstasical pain;
From Butte—God preserve us!—from
Butte,
Given over to guzzling and gain.
Like the sobbing night winds that dispute
In a minor that saddens the rain;—
Like a heart-break blown into a flute,
Is the story of Mary MacLane.

*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Born to be loved and slain;—
Poor little Mary,—out of the dark,
And into the dark again.*

She loves and repels—tis' her sex;
She desires, and fears her desire;
Like a nymph she coquettishly flecks
Her eyeballs with amorous fire;
She calls on the Devil to fly
To her succor, but calls him in vain:—
He is busy with those who defy
His wishes.—Poor Mary MacLane!

*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
(Give her your love, not blame)
Poor little Mary, pawn of the Fates
In a truly mysterious game.*

From Boston, the prude by the sea,
To Butte, is a million of miles,
In the matter of rye vs. tea
And the standards of ethical styles;
But the prude by the Puritan sea,
In spite of her centuried skein,
Has woven no music for me
Like the sorrow of Mary MacLane

*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Beating against your bars,—
You should have been born in the
earth's grey morn,
When Venus was conquering Mars.*

But now, O ye Gods! and in Butte!
Was ever such vile trick played
On a spirit lit with a Sapphic fire
And housed in a winsome maid?
'Tis a tale for the after years,
To be read with a tender sigh
By maids who scan through a mist of tears
The same old baffling sky.

*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Born to be loved and slain;—
Poor little Mary,—out of the dark,
And into the dark again.*

THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF MARY MAC LANE"
Miss MacLane's book has evoked opinions that differ. It reminds the romantic Martin Murray of the "sad bad mad glad Villon". Mr. Arthur McIlroy, a stiff Scot, thinks the authoress "ought to be spanked." Yet another eminent authority believes "there is no Mary MacLane."



A valued friend of the National takes this magazine bitterly to task for "advocating the ship subsidy bill," and for opposing the adoption of the Nicaraguan canal route. Not guilty. Mr. Chapple believes in the propriety of ship subsidies. But he has not advocated them in the National. The pages of this magazine have been, are, and will be open to the foes as well as to the friends of this and every other measure of large national importance, provided that they say something new and say it briefly. The National does not father—often does not share the views of its several contributors (including this present writer). It does agree with its contributors who oppose the adoption of the Nicaraguan canal route. It believes the shortest, cheapest, safest, and in every way best possible route for a trans-isthmian canal is the San Blas-Darien route, described in the May number of this magazine. It believes the country could

better afford to wait twenty-five years for a canal, rather than put the people's money into the long, crooked, costly, earthquake-menaced, lock-riden Nicaraguan route, which by its excessive tolls would be impassable to sailing ships, and so to the great bulk of sea-going freight. *For this reason*, the advocates of the Nicaraguan route are urging just exactly what the trans-continental railroads most desire.

Writing in the May number, in a spirit of whimsicality, I ventured the assertion—absurd on its face—that the greatest four living Americans are John Pierpont Morgan, Mark Hanna, Theodore Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie. To my surprise, a good many people took the joke seriously. Our really great men are Mark Twain, Thomas A. Edison, George Frisbie Hoar and John Smith. The many-sided author and humanitarian, the inventor, the last of our great states-

EASTERN ENTRANCE TO THE BERKSHIRE HILLS, RUSSELL, MASS., ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY



men now in public life, and the typical toiler. And I believe that John Smith, States except by arrangement with Samuel Eberly Gross of Chicago. The

IN THE HEART OF THE BERKSHIRE HILLS, CHESTER, MASS., ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY



who feeds all the rest, is the biggest man of the lot.

If you have not read Twain's "Defense of General Funston," in the May North American Review, you have a new sensation coming.

Poultny Bigelow, whose article on "Bermuda and the Boers," in the June National, has been widely copied, is expected to contribute to the August National a sketch of the coronation of King Edward. We hope to have, in later numbers, studies by Mr. Bigelow of the principal European cabinets, especially in their relation to the United States.

Judge Christian Kohlsaat, of the United States court at Chicago, has decided that the drama "Cyrano de Bergerac" cannot hereafter be presented in the United

decision was given in an action brought by Mr. Gross against Richard Mansfield and A. M. Palmer, actor and manager, who presented the play in this country, and who voluntarily paid royalties thereon to Edmond Rostand of Paris, France, the author of the play. How, it may be asked, does it happen that Mr. Gross, a Chicago real estate merchant—and a millionaire of course—is judicially given control of this great drama which the world has understood was written by Edmond Rostand? Here's mystery!

Many years ago—say fifteen or twenty, since we don't remember the exact number—Mr. Gross was a youth with ambition to become a dramatic poet. He had his hour of inspiration; its fruit was a play entitled, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville." Poetry robs the purse to pay the spirit. Mr. Gross hesitated—and a poet was lost to the world, in

order that we might have another millionaire. Perhaps he was in love, and needed money; maybe he wished to become an alderman, or mayor, or something else of that sort. We are permitted to speculate upon the subject, since he has become a figure of historic interest in literature. He caused his play to be given a single presentation in London, necessary to obtain a copyright on it there. He also had it copyrighted in this country. But managers did not besiege him; no one, indeed, asked leave to stage his play. So, with what sinking of the heart only a poet can say, our author laid his piece away, and turned to trade.

Years passed. The young dramatic poet occupied a large suite of offices in the Masonic Temple, in Chicago. Sundry and divers suburban towns and subdivisions of that city bore his name in varying modifications, as Gross Park, Grossdale, Gross Point, and the like of that. He wore iron gray whiskers trimmed to a point. His home was a

palace, his carriage—but why enumerate? He was a Pillar of Society. At peace with the world, I dare say, except it might be in certain moments, late at night, in his library, when he possibly wondered if he had done well to sacrifice his dream for this material splendor. Came then, one day, tidings of a wonderful new play, by a Frenchman, Rostand. The play was "Cyrano." Critics declared it a masterpiece; they said its author had revived the best traditions of the stage: Hugo had a successor. Presently Mansfield staged "Cyrano." Chicago's fashionable world went to admire it. In one of the boxes, it is to be supposed, sat Mr. and Mrs. Gross. Nothing more natural, for the first night of a great new play. As he looked and listened, let us imagine, Mr. Gross' wonder grew.

"Why," I hear him say in accents shortened by amazement, "that's *my* play!"

And his wife saying:

"Do you really believe it is?"

And Mr. Gross replying:

OLD COLONIAL BY-PATH, PALMER, MASS., ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY



"I'm sure of it!"

"And Rostand has stolen your drama?"

"Exactly."

"Then claim your own, if it takes every dollar we have!"

Any man on earth would fight for his rights with backing like that. Wasn't it magnificent? Did you ever hear of anything like it?

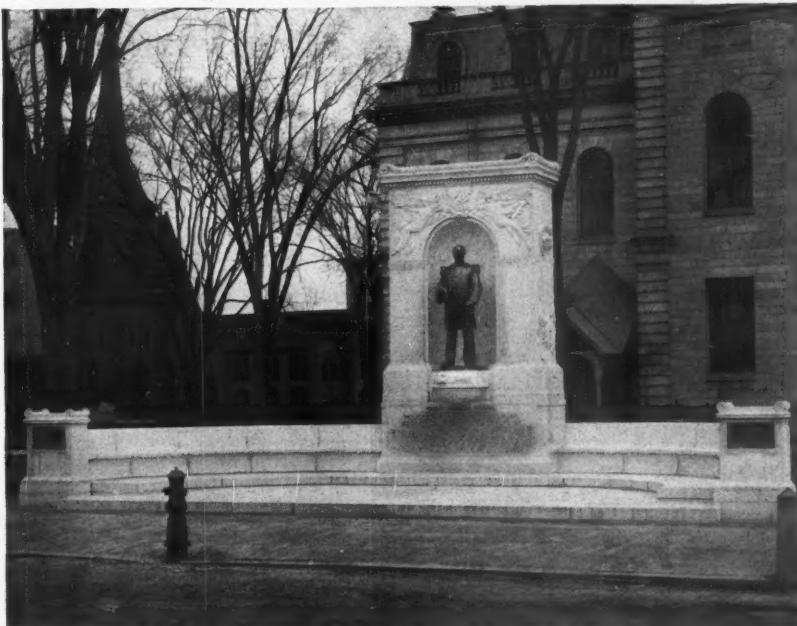
Then Mr. Gross began his campaign by doing three or four foolish things, and a wise thing. First, he employed local critics to read both plays and to give him their opinion on the probability that "Cyrano" had been plagiarized from "The Merchant Prince." And of course the critics all laughed at the millionaire's pretensions—and took his fee.

How could anything good in letters come out of Chicago? The thing was absurd.

Mr. Gross had not aimed high enough: what he needed was the aid of a scholar who should possess the soul of a poet and the pertinacity of a fighting lawyer. This man he found in the person of John McGovern. McGovern gave three years to the work. He kept agents busy in London, Paris, New York. But chiefly he relied on his own powers to detect the theft. Unmoved, as Mr. Gross was unmoved, by ridicule or opposition, Mr. McGovern slowly but certainly traversed the whole of the disputed field. He proved that Rostand *did* possess a copy of Gross' play, and he proved that Rostand *did* steal, not one nor a dozen but

MONUMENT RECENTLY ERECTED IN MEMORY OF COMMODORE GEORGE HAMILTON PERKINS, U. S. N., AT CONCORD, N. H.

Commodore Perkins was a brave and brilliant officer of the United States navy during the Civil war; he performed especially meritorious services at the capture of New Orleans and the battle of Mobile Bay. The monument is the gift of his daughter to his native town.



hundreds of ideas, lines, scenes—in short, that it was not a case of unconscious assimilation, nor of adaptation with absent-minded failure to give due credit, but a plain and simple case of grand larceny. Writing from his home, 416 South Wood street, Chicago, May 28, Mr. McGovern says: "You may say that you were the very first scholar to give me hope that I was right when, in 1899, I began the dim search after Rostand. You recollect I was then gathering the *atmosphere of the dawn* in both

Whetstone.
There you go again, trying to throw star-dust in your benefactor's eyes. Oh, why did I make you editor of my Cornville Eagle?

Bluegrass.

Because your Eagle was asleep, and I was the only one who could wake him up and make him soar into a higher circulation. He looked like a whipped buzzard that had dulled his talons upon old newspapers; but I put new life into him; and now that I have made you the proprietor of a newspaper which is a

THE SORT OF THING THAT CHINA IS DOING AWAY WITH

A recent imperial edict recognises the evil of foot binding, long practised by Chinese women, especially those of the wealthier classes, and urges that the custom be abandoned. The dwarfing effect of these foot bindings is shown by the contrast between the Chinese footwear and the leather shoe worn by an American woman—and it was an unusually small shoe, by the way. Not a few of the wealthy Chinese women in the coast cities, having abandoned foot bindings, are taking up the corset. Thus does the glorious work of civilization make headway in the far East.



dramas. At last, of course, I harvested 1,200 literal parallels, but it was not easy sledding at the start. I clearly recall my joy that your artistic sense as well as mine caught the essential presence in Rostand of the opening poem of Gross. They may say Gross could not write, but if you will show me a more glorious boast in our language than the one I mark here, I'd like to see it."

The boast of which Mr. McGovern speaks is italicised in this following excerpt from "The Merchant Prince":

household word, and which will be in every scholar's library at the close of human learning, you scoff at me. Such is glory in a commercial age! Columbus may discover, but the merchant Americus gives his name to two continents.

The court's decision satisfies Mr. Gross. Having spent \$30,000 in defence of his rights, he accepts a verdict for \$1 and costs. He wanted vindication. He has it. It is incredible that he will exercise his legal right to interfere to prevent the presentation of "Cyrano" in

MISS LOTTIE LINTHICUM, LEADING WOMAN OF THE BALDWIN STOCK COMPANY,
NEW ORLEANS



NOTE AND COMMENT

America. He may fairly demand however, that when it is again so presented the play bills shall bear this additional title line:

Adapted from "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," by Samuel Eberly Gross.

Meantime, if Mr. Gross desires to force Rostand to pay for what he stole, he must sue the Frenchman in Paris. He will hardly do this. It is unnecessary. He has obtained what he wanted.

It is a duplication of the case of Shakespeare and the elder dramatists from whom he filched plots and situations. Some scholars of this day prefer

MISS ANNE HOBSON, OF ALABAMA

Miss Hobson is a sister of Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, and a very charming and gifted woman. A favorite in the best Southern society, as well as in the social world of Washington and New York city. She is a musician and the author of several entertaining sketches published in the magazines. On the occasion of the latest annual reunion of Confederate veterans Miss Hobson was sponsor for the Alabama division.



the original plays above Shakespeare's. So it will be in this instance. As for

A PRETTY LITTLE SOUTHERNER, A DAUGHTER OF SAVANNAH, GA.



me, I am glad Rostand stole the Gross play and transmuted it. He gave me three golden hours. Henry Lee was the interpreter. Henry Lee, an infinitely greater than Mansfield in "Cyrano."

My friend Leveque of New Orleans contributes this passing estimate of a singularly gifted actress, whose portrait adorns the cover of the July National:

"Miss Lotta Linthicum is a pronounced favorite in New Orleans. She has been playing the leading woman parts in Baldwin's stock company in New Orleans during the season of 1901-02 now drawing to a close. The organization, presenting a range of plays from 'As You Like It' and 'Romeo and Juliet' to 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' and 'The Sea of Ice,' enjoys a vast and democratic clientele, recalling the old days of stock in the famous and ancient queen city of the southland. Miss Linthicum has the quaint distinction of being uniformly even in all the

multitude of varying roles she has presented. She was a surprisingly good Juliet, human and sweet and lovable, and as dainty and picturesque and plausible a Rosalind as one might desire to see. From these lofty idealities she glides with surprising ease to the veriest trash of lurid and impossible melodrama. She is in short an eminently efficient leading woman. Her popularity is pronounced and absolutely deserved."

When the Pope was informed of the conclusion of the Anglo-Boer war, he said: "I hope to close my eyes on world-wide peace."

Paul Kruger said: "My God! It can't be possible!"

King Edward said—but no one appears to remember what he said. What he probably thought was: "Now let the coronation proceed."

What Kitchener said was, as usual, not for publication.

Buller muttered something under his breath.

The lion certainly did eat the ground hog. But his whiskers are full of bristles.

Now let us have peace in the Philippines.

When the United States government shall buy the coal fields of America, and operate them in the name of all the people, there will be no more strikes. Miners will be paid living wages for fair hours of work. Coal consumers will escape the regular annual gouge. Boys who now are forced into the mines before either body or mind is fit for the task, to eke out with their pitiful wages the meager earnings of their fathers, will then be kept in school to learn the lessons of useful citizenship.

Thanks to John Marshall, the father of the American Constitution, and by the same token the father of American Socialism, as Mr. George Wilson of

GOVERNOR DURBIN OF INDIANA

A good business man, who announces that he means to have every dollar of his state's debt liquidated before his term of office closes. He is fond of a jest, a good story teller and a better listener, but strictly a business governor all the time.

Photograph by the C. & C. Co., Chicago



NOTE AND COMMENT

Lexington, Missouri, reminds me, the federal government has indisputable power to take over the mines. It has several thousand times the amount of wealth needed for the transaction. When will it acquire the common sense?

Once there was a very large fish in a pool. There were many very small fishes in the pool. One of the small fellows was strong and voracious. He seized all the food he could get his jaws on, and drove weaker companions aside. Naturally he grew rapidly, outstripping his companions, who feared and hated him, but, did not know enough to unite and slay him. Finally he reached such

J. EDWARD ADDICKS, A UNIQUE CITIZEN

Delaware is the only state in the Union that is not represented in the United States Senate. Mr. Addicks, Philadelphian born, resident in Wilmington, gas magnate and fighter, stands in the way. He cannot elect himself, but he can prevent the election of any other man—and does.



proportions that he thought he could safely challenge the king of the pool.

FLORENCE BROOKS WHITEHOUSE, AUTHOR OF "THE GOD OF THINGS"

Mrs. Whitehouse has written one of the really readable novels of the season. The scene is in Egypt, in the shadow of the pyramids, but the people of the book are intensely modern. The story is dramatic, the action swift. The theme is love—and fate.



"When I get a little bit larger," he said, "I'll tackle you."

"But I think I won't let you get any larger," said the big fish.

"I'd like to know how you are going to stop me," said the bully. "You can't very well reverse natural law."

"I think I'll stop your growth by swallowing you," said the big fish. And he did—quite in conformity with natural law.

This story has no application to our trust problem. None whatever.

H. I. Cleveland contributes this paragraph on Marshall Field's latest business enterprise:

"Marshall Field has completed a second monument to his business name and honor in the magnificent retail establishment just opened at State and

Randolph streets, Chicago. Mr. Field is not and never has been a notoriety seeker. He belongs to the old school of gentlemen, of which the late Potter Palmer was a shining example, and which Marvin Hughtt and L. Z. Leiter so ably represent—the school of doing and silence. But if Mr. Field is averse to publicity, his two buildings in Chicago—the new bank and office building Clark and Adams, and the new retail store, compel admiration every time the public eye is turned upon them. Their massiveness, the effective use of granite enclosure and light space, the absence of tawdry decoration, the overpowering simplicity of design, are refreshing to

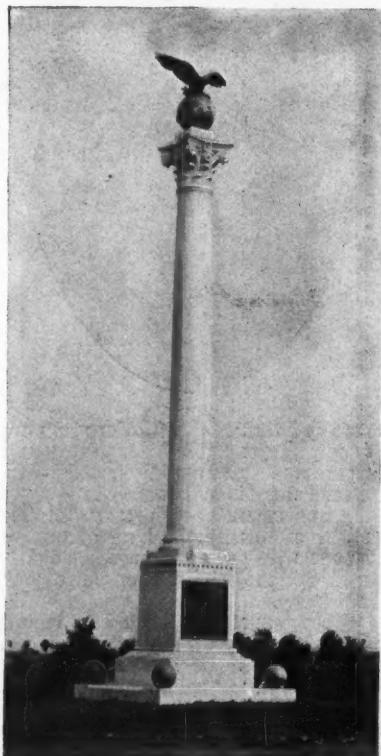
eyes made weary with the architectural freaks that disfigure not alone Chicago's

MARSHALL FIELD'S NEW STORE, STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS, CHICAGO



PHILIPPINE WAR SHAFT AT ARLINGTON

This monument, forty feet high and one of the handsomest in the national cemetery at Washington, was unveiled May 21. The President made the address of dedication. Major General Brooks had charge of the ceremonies. The monument commemorates American soldiers who have fallen in the Philippines.



but other cities' streets. Mr. Field's new dry goods establishment easily takes position as the first of its kind in the world. In New York, London, Paris, or elsewhere there is no such store either in its floor area, ground area or volume of business. Mr. Field has easily become the first merchant of the world. The prestige and good will passed to him and L. Z. Leiter in 1863 by Potter Palmer has enhanced a thousand fold. When in the middle days of the civil war failing health compelled Mr. Palmer temporarily to seek residence elsewhere, he was the foremost dry goods merchant in the West, the wealthiest man of Chicago, and the creator of the dry goods selling methods of today. He led the Clafins, the Bon Marche, and all the eastern establishments of those days in making innovations that are now customs. Marshall Field at that time was a young business man of energy and wit, but comparatively unknown. So was L. Z. Leiter. Mr. Palmer took both young men, gave them command of his capital, of his established business, and of his name and bade them succeed. He literally gave them an asset-account of incalculable value to beginners with-

out capital and they in no wise betrayed his judgment or confidence in them. What Potter Palmer builded they carried on until Mr. Leiter retired from the mercantile world and left Mr. Field to complete the work. The hurrying throng of State street, the millions of the city, may not realize the fact, but it is true, that the new twelve-story emporium is not a mere milestone for Trade—it is a twentieth century shaft to three remarkable lives—Palmer, Leiter, Field—not the least of which is Mr. Field's."

Mr. Cleveland adds:

"The death of Potter Palmer, by the way, leaves in the hands of his widow, Bertha Honore Palmer, and her two sons, an estate conservatively valued at \$20,000,000. The bulk of this is in im-

MRS. OSBORN DEIGNAN, nee HUNTOON

When Deignan, young and blushing with his new honors, came home to his native town for the first time, after the exploit at Santiago, the girls of the village sainted him a la Hobson. It is said Miss Huntoon won his heart there and then.



proved real estate. Chicago as a corporation is not yet a century old so that big family estates have hardly yet begun to play the part in the financial and

social affairs of the city that they do in New York and Boston. The Pullman

OSBORN DEIGNAN, WARRANT OFFICER, U. S. N.

Mr. Deignan, who was one of the little band of heroes that sank the Merrimac in Santiago harbor, has lately taken to wife a beautiful young daughter of Iowa, Miss Maud Huntoon.



estate and that of the McCormicks are, of course, two notable Chicago properties that are rapidly increasing in value. Mrs. Potter Palmer is well qualified to take on the management of such an estate. The Palmer estate with the kind of management it will probably have should be worth \$60,000,000 in twenty-five years from today.

"The property is located in regions where the next great advance in Chicago real estate will be most strongly felt. Potter Palmer stated a year ago that his income from his properties was \$1,000 a day. This should double, even triple, in the next quarter of a century."

?

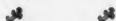
Supposed Soliloquy of An Idealistic Baconian

on Seeing a Statue to Bacon as the Real Shakespeare

*"The star of Shakespeare pales, but brighter far
Burns through the dusk he leaves an ampler star."*

At last let fall the mask from Bacon's face,
Reveal the Soul which Shakespeare's name concealed !
To England's Morning Star his proper place
In Fame's vast sky the world at last must yield :
All hopes, all fears, all passions grand or ill
Great Bacon proved and pictured for all time ;
Each mood and movement of the human will
His hand preserved in poetry sublime.
Hamlet and Juliet loved far less than He ;
In this great soul the hate and grief of Lear
Were met and mastered ; marble purity :—
Lucrece, Cordelia, Desdemona, here
Were born and nourished ; then to us be shame
If we still keep from Bacon's name the fame.

Frederick S. Ryman



An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones ?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lifelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
And so sepulchered in such tomb dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

John Milton

How Maggie Got Her Dancing Shoes

By WILLARD DILLMAN

HUMBOLDT was not always the smart and bustling little town that it now appears. During the first few years of its existence it was, to use the words of the prophet Jeremiah, a desolation and an astonishment and a curse. But that was before the fertile hill country to the south and west had been settled with thrifty home seekers from the states further east, and while straggling herds of cattle roamed over wide areas of the flats that are now sown with wheat.

It was of this early period that McGinnis fell to relating. McGinnis was wheat buyer for the Wide Western Cereal Company. His days were passed amid the dust and smoke of his towering elevator, but many of his evenings were spent in the office of the Humboldt Mail.

It was after ten o'clock, and my work was as nearly completed as the work of a country editor ever is. With heavy eyes I added the closing sentence to a leader, and closed my desk with a bang, hoping that McGinnis would go. To my extreme discomfort, however, I saw that he sat in a fit of abstraction, and with a vacant stare kept tossing little chunks of my precious coal into the stove. I fidgeted about in an agony of torment, I made a great to-do of putting on my overshoes, I opened my desk and banged it shut again, but his reverie would not be broken.

"McGinnis!" I exclaimed at last, unable longer to endure his outrageous waste, "if that were your coal, you wouldn't be so deuced liberal with it."

"Hivens aloive, child!" he exclaimed, starting up, "I did not think pha I wor up to. I so there thinkin' av the early

days, long before yiz iver strook the burg."

I removed my arctics and drew near the stove, for I recognized from former experience that it was hopeless to resist.

"An' lovely days them wor, I can tell ye, wid not a soul but the two av us in the town of Humboldt. Two av us there wor, sor, me an' Pete Schroeder, the station agint, an' both av us arroivin' here simultashus, wid our dispositions clane spoilt beforehand. For we'd both been rejuced from hoigher positions, an' we'd been sint here like Napoleon on St. Helanyee to serve out our pinalties. I had been buyin' in a good town seven stations down the line, but a thing got hould av me that's played hob wid so manny av me race, an' that's whiskey. So the comp'ny sint me to a town where they wor no saloons—ner, bedad, nothin' else. An' poor Schroeder—he was a Dootchman, as ye moight anticipate be the sound av his name—he'd been rejuced from the town av Tailholt fer favorin' a little independent flat house in the matter av impties. Railroads an' wheat comp'nies is screwed together closter thin the Simace twins, ye must know that, bein' in the business av enlight'nin' the masses.

"So there we wor, stroikin' the town the same day from op'site ways, an' both unbeknownst te the ither. 'Phat fool av a Dootchman moight that be?' siz I te meself, as I sees him at the ither end av the daypo platform. 'Phat fool av an Irishman's that?' siz he—he tould me aftherwords—as he spied me at the ither end av the platform.

"He was a tall, melancholious sort av

a chap, wid the complexion av a tallee candle. 'Phat's your name?' siz he in his hollow voist, and I tould him. 'An' yours?' siz I, an' he tould me. 'Phat in the name av hoigh hiven are ye doin' in this stinkin' rat hole?' siz he, and I expounded. 'An' moight I propeeder demand the same from you,' siz I, and he did so. An' thin we walked te the ind av the platform an' stood lookin' about the impty plains, wid here an' there a shanty er a dugout. Rank desolation it was, on ivery hand.

"Well, Pete,' siz I, 'an' phat do yiz think av ut?' He took out his knife an' set down on the platform an' cut the day, the month an' the year deep into the plank—I showed ye thim marks wance, it'll be twilve year come nix Sip-timber—an' he siz, 'This day an' date we strook the town av Humboldt. Whin in the name av the good God will we ever git out av ut?'

"Well, on the first few months av our sojarrne, I do not need te dwell, as the preacher siz. I spadily recovered from me discomforture, an' got board wid a farmer half a moile from town. But poor Schroeder was not so aisily rconciled. Indade, he was loike Rachael the apostile, foriver wapin' an' lamintin', an' would not be comforted. An' phat made him the wrathiest was whin he seen me troyin' te have a good toime in the midst av me banishmint.

"Whoy don't ye git out amongst 'em, Schroeder?' siz I. 'Sure there bees whoite folks livin' in these parts yit besoides us. Come wid me te the dance at Larsons's tonight,' siz I, an' I'll interjuce ye inte the chicest society av the plains.'

"Oh phat do I care fer yer bloody haythen,' siz he, 'whin me hairt loys borried in the lovely town av Tailholt. In the lovely town of Tailholt where *she* is,' siz he. 'Phat do you know about society anyways, ye black scutt av the bogs?' siz he.

"It's tin te wan I can hould up me hid in anny society yiz iver shoined in, ye keg av stale sauerkraut,' siz I, an' off goes I to the dance.

"Well, the nixt spring, three more inhabitants took up their risidence in the town av Humboldt, givin' us a total population av five. Two av them noo citizens was Gust Peterson, the store-keeper, an' his wife, an' the ither was Maggie Conley, the school tacher. Not that the town av Humboldt yit boasted av an ediface wherein the arts av larnin' moight be promulgated. But a little white schoolhouse had been built clost to where this town was goin' te be, long before the town was drimpt av. An' so it was in this little buildin'—which certain also av our own poits has roighty tarmed the foortress av our liberties—that Maggie spint her days; but mind ye, she boarded wid Peterson's family, which same lived in the upstairs over his store.

"Well, Maggie was Irish like meself, an' this moight in some missure account fer her divilitry. For Maggie was a little bewitchin', excroociatin' devil, if iver there was wan. Houly mother, I can see her now, wid thim big round eyes an' that pucker'd smoile. Tantalizin' the men was her chafe plissure, an' the little wiz-ard knewed her onresistable charms, an' used um widout scroople.

"The moon looks beautiful tonight, does ut not, Miss Conley?' siz I, blub-berin' swain that I was.

"Do you think you could climb up an' git ut for me, Mr. McGinnis?' siz she, wid that sarcastical, puckerin' smoile av hers, an' I slunked away kickin' meself.

"But such remarks did not rejuce me desire to talk to her every chance I got, ner to thry if haply I moight go walkin' wid her, an' the loike. An' the quarest thing about that dyspeptical Schroeder was that the houly minute he sot eyes on Maggie Conley, he instantashusly forgot his gorl phat he'd lift behind in the

lovely town av Tailholt. An' though he thried hard enough to hide his infatooation from me, yit he kipt it ill consaled. An' so ye can aisly persave that wid me attachmint for her an opin sacrit, an' Schroeder wid his clandistine worship av her, a sort av a coolness soon growed up betune us. An' addin' the startling sarcumstance that we both slipt in the selfsame bed in the upstairs av the daypo, ye can aisly parsave the imbarriess-mint at the sitoation.

"So wan night there was a dance at a farmer's house a few miles from town, an' I stud in two minds whether to ask for the tacher's company. An' whoile I sot on the daypo platform debatin' wid meself, I behilt her ridin' home from school on her boicycle. An' while she was makin' the grade av the railroad crossin' Schroeder up an' rushes down the track to intercept her. Now, I knowed well enough phat he mint, wid his bloomin' impartinince, so I 'goes afther him, wid a shwifter incilleration av me liggs. You're coortin' danger whin you thry te soopersade an Irishman at his own game.

"Well, Maggie shtopped when she sane the brace av us comin' down the thrack, an' stud waitin' to resave us. I arrove a few paces behind Schroeder, an' I heerd him deliver his concludin' wards. He'd asked her to go te the dance.

"An' cravin' yer condecision, I would implore that same aboundin' plis-sure, Miss Conley, siz I.

"Whoy, here I am, besaged wid sootors,' siz she, an' such loikely gaintlemin, too. But Mary in heaven,' siz she, thryin' te look disprit ill graved about somethin', 'how can I presint meself at a dance whin I haven't a dacint pair av shoes te me feet? Do you know av anny gaintleman I moight send wid te the town av Cross Forks?' siz she.

"I'll go a-purpose. Phat size?" siz I.

"Let me go,' siz Schroeder. 'Phat size?'

"Number three—or two and a half, maybees, if I wor there to thry them on. I have utl' siz she, slappin' the little hand bag she corried at her belt, 'I'll go wid the coortier which goes to Cross Forks and returns forst wid a pair av ball shoes, number three.'

"I shot a look at Schroeder, an' I rid grim resolootion on the face av him. He made for the hand car, which stud about twenty rods down the thrack, the siction men cuttin' weed hard by. I made afther him. He give the car a bastely shove, jumped aboard, and bore hould av the handles. I made the lape by the skin av me tathe, and away we shpunned. Nivertheliss I shtole a look backwards, an' the two siction men shtarin' afther us wid amazemint wrote on their features.

"Well, we hove down the road toward Cross Forks at a tremenjus spade. But amidst the mad play av the handles I did some hard thinkin' in me soul. 'This may do for the down thrip,' siz I to meself, but I'll nade to cast about me for some shwifter manes av locomotion on me return. For what will it profit me av I arrove back in Humboldt simul-tashus wid this mad crature?'

"Howiverbeit, we clanked over the switches av Cross Forks in an onridible brafe time, havin' come fourteen mile. Thin the mad pair av us rushed up the strate inta a shoe store.

"Give me a pair av number threes!" siz Schroeder,

"I'll take the same, an' the best yiz have in the house!" siz I te the ither clerk.

"Schroeder got his forst, howiver, an' he throws down his dirty silver on the counter an' shtroides out. 'Frind av yours?' siz the clerk, amazed like. 'Niver sane him before in me loife!' siz I, grabbin' me shoes an' hikin' afther him. But whin I come past the daypo I sane Schroeder wid his car way beyant the siction house, togheter wid three thramps

phat he d picked up to ride wid him.

"'Oh, this bees indade the ayvil luck!' siz I, sore cast down at the sight. Shtill, bein' always possessed av a good wind, I shtarted afther um, hot fut. However, I soon parsaved that I was losin' visibly on the knaves, and me hairt sunked inte me boots wid hoomiliation.

"Now, I shud ixpound te yiz—though well enough ye know ut yerself—that a foine wagon road runs parallel wid the thrack from here te Cross Forks. Well, down this road I looked in the momint av me dejection. An' phat shud I see comin' but a shtrange yout' on a tandem, the forst that iver I had sane. I imme-jitly shtrode down an' confronted him.

"'Be you the sheriff?' siz he, wid a woild look av befright in his eye.

"'I may be,' siz I. 'Tell me, phat are ye doin' wid that shtrange two-sated monsther?'

"'I shtole ut,' siz the lad, an' I'm makin' wid all spade for the hills beyant Humboldt. But oh, it's the sweatin' job to prepil the thing alone, an' ye look loike ye wor in sore nade av haste. Can ye roide?'

"'I niver beshtrode the baste in me loife,' siz I.

"'An' yit ye look loike a man that wud take to ut aisy. Mount on behind, an' thry to kape balanced, an' I'll do the steerin'.'

"I was strook wid a grand impoole to grab this lad be the nick an' lade him back te Cross Forks. But thin I had another impoole that knocked this wan clane out av the ring. For I looked up the thrack, an' I sane the top av Schroeder's hat bobbin' up an' down behint a hill full two mile away.

"'Far be ut from Michael McGinnis, in gineral, to aid or abit a thafe,' siz I, 'but this case is trooly ixceptional. Stiddy, ye onaisy brute!' siz I, an' I swong inte the sate.

"First plunge, we rammed inte a teli-gram pole an' shtopped. Nixt we dived

inte the dape ditch beside the thrack, an' got bad shpilt. 'I hope there's nothin' hurted on the machine,' siz I, disintanglin' meself an' woipin' the sand out av me eyes. 'We'll see as we pro-sade,' siz the yout', draggin' the baste onct more onto the road. Nixt toime it was a dape rut I forced him inte wid me infarnal overbalancin', an' off we wint, my face plowin' square inte a hil av red ants.

"'I'll shtick te ye this toime or die,' siz I, beshtroiden' the baste for the fourt' an' last toime. For I've larned since phat I did not comprehend thin in regards te the roidin' av boicycles, and that is, if ye can onct persuade yirsill that ye're the boss av the thing, an' kape up the dissimoolation, ye're ginerly all safe and sound. An' indade I was much amazed to see how aisy we could shpin along, loike burds av the hivens.

"'Can ye not use yer muscle?' siz the yout'. 'It's far too slow we're movin'.'

"Well, I could. For be this toime them ants had got well down inside me short, an' wor busyin' themselves wid borryin' inte the flesh av me, so they was by way av bein' a great stimoolation to me ligz. On we swipt, the tilegram poles shlippin' past in rich profoosion. Directly arroiven' on high land, we spied Schroeder and his bloody pirates not three mile ahid. The next sight we had av the foogatives we wor aisy widin a moile av them. Thin at last, wid wan grand swoop, as I moight say, we hove down upon them an' sailed past. Schroeder kitched wan sight av me, an' dropped the handle loike he'd sane his father's ghost.

"'Maggie Conley is mine for the nonce,' siz I, employin' classic language in the hoight av me joy. Thin me hairt sunked agin, for I heerd the whistle av a thrain behint us. I shtole a look te the rear, and behilt Schroeder an' his haythens tuggin' at the car, but they could not histe ut over the rails. 'Stiddy

behint there!' siz the yout', shtugglin' wid the handle bars, or ye'll have us inte the ditch agin, and I saw the thrain — she was a freight — had shtopped widin an' ace av the car, which had got some ways hooked under the rails. Phat doos whoite livered station agints an' thramps know about the manipoolation av handcars, which from toime immemortal has been the spicial ward av siction men? Another look, an' the fireman was helpin' thim heave the car off the thrack.

"On we spid, however, an' nixt we heerd thim two short toots av the whistle which manes, 'All roight, go ahead!' Me coorosity would not be abated till I shtole wan more look te the rear to see phat had become av me onlucky rival. Death av the saints! He was nowhere to be sane! Thin av the suddint a horrible rayalization av the trut' come over me sowl. They had took Schroeder aboard wid um! Oh whoy had I not thought av that dire possibility before? For av coarse the thrain men knowed Schroeder as well as I did, meetin' him constant at the daypo.

"Oh phat shall I do?" siz I, in me sore distress. We wor now, be an approximated guess, wan moile an' a half from town, whoilst the thrain was scarce wan moile te the rear av us. 'Spade on, lad,' siz I to the thafe ahid av me, we've got to make Humboldt ahid av that thrain or I'm lost.

"'I'm willin',' siz the bhoy, 'and indade we'll thy, but dear uncle do yiz thy to stiddy yer infarnal vaccilatin'. Sure me arrums is clane give out wid thyin' to hould her upright,' siz he.'

"The onwelcome prospect av defeat, aided be the ontirin' industhry av thim ants inside me short, shpurred me on, an' I put fort' me most noble ifforts. Consequint, for the forst three-quarthers av a moile the thrain scarce gained upon us. But thin, houly mother! I commince te feel her creepin' onto us

from behint. Crawlin' closter an' closter.

"Now you know as well as I do that a quarther av a moile east av here there bees a long an' froightful stape dissint, thin a narree bridge spannin' the shtrame an' thin a sharp turn te the roight. Well, as we arrove at the apix av this hill, an behilt the sharp down grade wid the crook av deshtruction at the fut av ut, the bhoy siz, 'Save us uncle! We'll sure have te walk a piece down here,' and he throyed te slacken up. 'We will not,' siz I. 'We'll prosade straight forward.' 'But look at the sharp bind beyant the bridge! Murther, it makes me dizzy!' schrames the yout.' We'll prosade sthright forward,' I repeated, for I behilt, as ut wor, the black shmoke av the ingine thrailin' behind us. The yout' hild his breath hard, an' said no word, an' silent we dashed over the brink av the declivity.

"A woman lives on the idge av that hill, an' she often hauls me a load av wheat. Wan toime whin she had got unloaded she siz: 'Mr. McGinnis, was ut you or yer ghost that I behilt roide down that woild dissint beside me house onct?' 'It was no ither but mesilf, ma'am,' siz I. 'Mr. McGinnis,' she reployed solemn loike, 'I've lived in that gully twinty year, I've sane manny hundhers av vayhicles come down that hill, an' well have I observed their various modes av dissint, but niver before ner since have I behilt loive man attempt the shootin' av ut wid a boicycle. Ye must be made av more thin flish an' bone.'

"But to prosade. As I hesitated, we dashed without a sound over the idge, like birds av the air. But whin we got fair shtarted down, wid the spade increasin' at a geometrical rusho, sure ut was thin I commince te feel the ripples av could fear crawl round me shtommick and up me back. 'Oh I wisht I had not done ut!' siz I, for indade it seemed the wheels scarce touched the ground, whoilst me liggs spunne round like toy windmills in a gale. Down an' down we whirrulee

through space—oh hivens! I feel the mortal fear av ut on me yit!—the wind whistlin' louder about me ears, the roar av the thrain resadin' away te the rear, an' the narree bridge liftin' itself shwiftly towards us. At last we shtrook ut, an' wid wan bound we wor acrost. I heerd the bhoy grind his tathe togither as we come te the sharp bind. But they say drunk men an' fools is presarved wid a spicial providince. Howiver we spunned round that square curve wid whole nicks I shall not attempt to illocidate, but we did, as that same wumman will attist. Thin the ixt'ordinary momintim av the baste corried us up the little hill this side the crick wid a single bound. As we bobbed above the idge, we sane the town av Humboldt a quarther av a moile away, wid a gintle adown-hill slope.

"Make that town ahid av the thrain or I'll deliver yiz up te the sheriff!" siz I, te the sweatin' yout', an' we put in our best licks on the home stritch. "You may shteer across the thrack and up to Peterson's shtore," siz I. "Sure we doorst not attempt to cross the thrack ahid av the thrain," siz the bhoy. "Indade she bees now upon us." "We doorst that same," siz I, and we made it not six fut ahid av the cowkitcher.

"We halted beside the shtore, whilst the thrain slid past the daypo wid all brakes set. "Now make for the hills," siz I te the pantin' yout', "an' may the Lord have mercy on yer sowl, for ye've been the good frind to me this day." Thin up

stairs I rushed, an' delivered me little darlins av shoes, which all this toime, I shud ixplain, I had wore tied round me nick. The onresponsible little vixen was froightened at phat she had done, but whin she sane me aloive an' well, an' larnt that Schroeder was shtill unkilt, her face loighted up wid a puckerin' shmoile: an' she siz, "But Mr. McGinnis, ye do look tough, past all spakin'."

"You escorted Miss Conley to the ball?"

"That I did, sor, an' manny toimes an' often. But I'll tell ye no more this night, for it's toime all Christians wor snorin'."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and buttoned his coat against the winter cold. Then he halted, with his hand on the latch.

"So ye sct there transfixed, as ut wor, watchin' me cast them coals inte the shtove! Faith, I see ut all now, an' well I know jist how ye filt. For whin I was a pedler, I wance shtopped all night at the house av a wumman. An' whin I started in the marnin', I tould her te take somethin' oute me pack to pay fer me lodgin'. She waded in', takin' out this an' that, till I shtood near disthracted, watchin' me pack shrink tegither before me eyes. 'I don't know but I be takin' too much,' siz she. 'Oh, go on, hilp yersilf,' siz I, 'I shtole um annyway.' Wid that she tuk the hint.

"Now indade I'll be off. Good night te ye, sor. Praise be, the wind's subsoidin'."

Races Reborn, Refreshed

CHANT the new empire grander than any before, as in a vision it comes to me,
 I chant America the mistress, I chant a greater supremacy,
 I chant projected a thousand blooming cities yet in time on these groups of sea islands,
 My sail-ships and steam-ships threading the archipelagoes,
 My stars and stripes fluttering in the wind,
 Commerce opening, the sleep of ages having done its work, races reborn, refreshed,
 Lives, works resumed — the object I know not — but the old, the Asiatic renewed
 as it must be,
 Commencing from this day surrounded by the world.

Walt Whitman.

Good Night.

GOOD NIGHT ! I sing no parting song—
Good night !
Beside me are the warm young hands, as white
And sensitive as when, awake at dawn,
I saw them gleaming in the morning light.

Reverently I kissed your finger tips,
Lest, if I press my kiss upon your lips,
The timid dream take flight ; — and I have
learned
Out of your sleep your finest fancy slips.

One night the glory of the moon did break
Over you, sleeping, and I heard you make
Your sweetest love's confession unto me—
Ah ! happy hour, that I did lie awake.

You dreamed that it was night (your broken
word
I so interpreted), and that you heard
The thrush of adoration in me sing
To you, as I do now—your heart was stirred.

Aloysius Coll.

And in your dream you pressed your lily arm
Across my breast; till, wild with this sweet
charm—

This dream-surrender of your shyer self,—
I kissed your eyes. They opened in alarm!

Then, sweeter than the sweetest thoughts you
keep
For dream-communion, fell the wonder
deep:—

My arms about your heart, your hand on
mine,
You closed your eyes again and fell asleep!

Good-night! I keep your whisper for my
dream;

It is my song of slumber till the gleam
Of rosy dawn shall call us, and the sun
Shall bind our days together with a beam;

Together have we spent our little might
To bless the day that dies; a single light
Is leading us across the trail of dreams—
Good-night! Companion, lover, queen,—
Good-night!

Studies of Books and Their Makers

A Guide to Good Writing

"Talks on Writing English," by Arlo Bates.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50 net.

THE master of English prose is born, and also partly made. About all that can be done in the way of making has been accomplished by Professor Arlo Bates in "Talks on Writing English," the first series of which met with a cordial reception on its appearance several years ago. It is the recently published second series which I have before me.

The book is, first of all, practical; it is easy for a college professor to fall into the academic tone, but the point of view of all of these talks is that of the working student. The very first sentence arouses interest: "What beside pen, paper and ink is needed for composition the student can understand fully only by actual experiment and experience." The reader is reminded that "technique is to be regarded as a means and not an end," yet that a precise knowledge of his tools is as indispensable to an author as to a painter or sculptor. The chief aim of these papers is frankly stated to be that of helping the student understand the mechanics of composition.

The spirit with which the author approaches his task is sane and broad. "The important thing," declares Professor Bates, "is not to exhibit skill in word craft, but to produce an effect, to convey a message, and no man writes well with whom the chief end is not the work rather than the workmanship." And again: "He who desires to write effectively must cultivate the power of writing passionately. . . . The aim of the student of the art of composition should be to write so that his reader shall feel heart beat and cheek glow."

Nothing could be further from the point of view of the dry-as-dust grammarian.

Yet no one can enter with more pains-taking precision than Professor Bates into the detailed analysis of style. All the thousand and one rules which have maddened us in the rhetoric books are here focused. The author's constant endeavor is to simplify, to reduce to a least common denominator, and in this he is singularly successful. His chapters on "Composition and Revision," "Participles and Gerunds," "Particles," "End and Beginning," "Figures," "Point of View," and "Paragraphs," are luminous and fascinating. Not less so are those on "Exposition," "Description" and "Narration." A writer who can put new wine, of whatever brand, into these old bottles, deserves credit, but anybody who can make us read about such prosy matters as "the topic sentence," and "paragraph sequence," and "parallel construction," with the interest which we would give to some engaging story, is a wizard indeed. Is it the charm of style, or the constant play of humor, or the convincing common sense? Well, no matter! We just read and reread and mark passages to be read still again.

The second chapter, "Little Foxes," deals with the minor faults which tend to spoil style. Some of them are the assumption that a title belongs to the text; the needless change of the grammatical subject from clause to clause, and from sentence to sentence; the abuse of the rhetorical question; the use, except in rarest instances, of the historical present; the suppression of subject or predicate; the employment of conventional phrases; the misuse of the second person pronoun, and the employment of

italics for emphasis. Liberal extracts from students' themes illustrate clearly all these pitfalls of style.

A few sentences taken almost at random will prove suggestive: "The simple expedient of dropping half the *ands* in a composition will often improve it amazingly." "The habit of beginning sentences with 'and,' 'but,' or 'for,' is not unlike the oral trick of opening remarks with 'well,' 'say,' or 'now.'" "The power of giving one's self to composition is of enormous importance." "Nothing can take the place of actual and complete rewriting." "A dangling participle is a sort of 'grass widow' of language." "Before a composition can be given form, its end must have been decided." "The beginning should be an appeal to the attention." "The beginning and end of the paragraph will remain the most effective portions, whether the writer wishes it or not." "In history and science literal truth is held of more importance than literary truth." "In all art one of the first laws is the absolute necessity of disregarding the unessential." "For training it is well to try the telling of brief stories entirely in dialogue." "No man can write really well who cannot punctuate well." "In a well wrought paragraph a sentence may generally be made of the beginning and the end, which with tolerable exactness will sum up the thought of the whole." "The general office of literature is to appeal to the sense of beauty and to conciliate man to life." "The general taste for pleasant ending is, after all, not so Philistine or so inartistic as it has sometimes been the fashion to consider it; behind this taste is the sense that it is the prime function of art to uplift, to inspire."

The possible peril in such books as this is always that of making a young writer self conscious, and of checking creative energy. Style loses its natural swing and becomes a walk on a tight

rope with every thought concentrated on the danger of falling. Yet a period of deliberate study of his tools and their relations must precede in the case of any author the largest freedom and mastery in their handling. The scribbler will continue to be their slave, but any writer who has force and message will be sure to benefit by the novitiate.

One can commend this handbook with conviction and enthusiasm. If every aspiring writer were compelled to pass an examination on it, editors and teachers would be under a lasting debt of gratitude to the author.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles



Democracy and Social Ethics

"*Democracy and Social Ethics*," by Jane Addams
of Hull House, Chicago. The Macmillan Co.,
N. Y., \$1.25.

[KNOW a man who writes a column in one of our great city dailies about social settlements, their work, and things of interest pertaining to them, and a mighty readable and useful column he makes of it. He says he is able to speak understandingly of social settlement matters because he does not live at a social settlement. I think he is right about this. He is far enough away from these things to get a proper focus upon them. The man who is in the thick of the fight knows little as to how the battle is going. He cannot see large results or predict great conclusions. On the other hand he knows much of the enemy, his temper, his methods of attack, his weak points and his strong ones. He has the details impressed on him and though they may be out of focus and jumbled in their juxtaposition, when he can get away from the smoke of conflict and sit down and collate these items of knowledge he has much valuable data for the general, who sits on a hill and watches the battle through a field glass, and with these scattered items may work out answers to the problems of the campaign.

So of Miss Jane Addams. At the Hull House social settlement she is in the thick of democracy, so near that she cannot formulate it as a whole, but she sees the details of it very clearly and presents them to us in her book, "Democracy and Social Ethics," vividly and with force. As she herself says, "No attempt is made to reach a conclusion, nor to offer advice beyond the assumption that the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy, but the quite unlooked for result of the studies would seem to indicate that while the strain and perplexity of the situation is felt most keenly by the educated and self conscious members of the community, the tentative and actual attempts at adjustment are largely coming through those who are simpler and less analytical."

It is thus that in her chapter on charitable efforts one finds much to interest, sometimes to amuse, in the problems which the charitably inclined meet, and the point of view of the very poor which to the well to do seems often so strange. Miss Addams makes no deductions from these data; the reader must do that, and she leaves him still wondering as to the value of organized charity, and the best forms in which to apply it—that is, its value to the very poor, themselves. Yet from the chapter one seems to be able to deduce one great truth. That is, that whether charity as a fad is or is not of great value to the recipient, there is no doubt of its salutary effect on the donor. Therein, perhaps, lies the answer to the whole problem. The poor, Miss Addams is careful to explain, are charitable by instinct. To give, having nothing, is to them the simplest thing in the world and the examples she cites of their noble generosity one to another are such as to make one sure of the ultimate regeneration of mankind. When the rich, who have become so through lack of generosity on their own part or the part of

their ancestors, shall by actual contact with the poor in their daily walks have learned real generosity, there will be no need of charity. One deduces then that organized charity is of great value, perhaps to the recipients, surely to the charity visitor who can be taught real charity only by the noble example of the poor whom she visits. The rich, one learns to shrewdly guess, are rich because they or their ancestors have saved; the poor are so because they or their ancestors have freely given.

Other chapters on filial relations, household adjustment, industrial amelioration, educational methods, and political reform are equally vivid with facts, clear cut in expression, and valuable in that they set one to thinking and endeavoring to work out the problems developed. To one interested in social problems, and who is not so interested?—the book appeals strongly, and it is such that it is liable to be reread with unflagging interest and laid handy for future reference. The nobility of the work which Miss Addams is engaged in, the admiration and respect for her which rich and poor alike seem to have in that great hotbed of democracy and social problems, Chicago, makes this volume of essays from her of peculiar value, largely, perhaps, because in it she does not attempt to map the route to the millennium, but merely shows the signs of the times as seen by one who bravely sets her face toward the country where she believes it lies.

Winthrop Packard

Whaling Tales, by a Whaler

"The Gam, a Group of Whaling Stories," by Captain Charles Henry Roberts of New Bedford. A. J. Ochs & Co., Boston.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS once wrote a novel entitled "A Singular Life," the scene being laid among the fisher folk of Gloucester. It was a

pretty interesting book and everybody read it. Everybody liked it too, and though it had some unpleasant characters in it, no one outside of Gloucester thought the less of Gloucester for that. That is, everybody liked it except the Gloucester folk. There the good fishermen waxed very wroth over what they called the misrepresentation of their town, and I doubt if they have fully taken the author back into their good graces yet. Later, Kipling went down there and got material for his "Captains Courageous," and some of the Gloucester men, trawlers and Grand Bankers, are just as sure that Kipling has grossly misrepresented the Gloucester fisherman and that "Captains Courageous" is a good deal of a libel on the business. Down at New Bedford the other day I found men who told me that Bullen himself had confessed to them that the "Cruise of the Cachetot," which has thrilled the hearts of thousands of landsmen with the romance of whaling, was all wrong and that he ought to have consulted the New Bedford whalers *en masse* and gotten their opinion of it before he so libelled whaling captains. Thus sensitive is the unlettered man as to the light in which the man of letters sees him.

"The Gam," however, is another story. The name is a whaling term and it means a social talk among whalers. The story is told by an old whaling captain himself, Captain Robbins, who sailed out of New Bedford to "all the seas of this Thy world" on whaling voyages. He tells the story of a whaleman's life, and he tells it well. The story is simple, direct, straightforward and mighty entertaining. One feels that this is no trumped up romance, but a veritable biography; yet it is thrilling enough, and amusing enough, and it has that stamp of genuineness which makes a book of the most value of all. One feels that these things did really happen

as they are narrated, and that he has not only an entertaining story but a real presentation of the life of a whaler as he himself saw things.

And a noteworthy part of it, and it is the point which I started in to make, is that the other whalers of New Bedford endorse the book as reliable, and have no fault to find with its description of the whalers' life and ways. The book is well illustrated with some unique pictures and a frontispiece portrait of the Captain himself. I saw him when I was in New Bedford, and found him hale and hearty though eighty years old. The picture is as good a likenesss of him as his story is of the old whaling days, and that is saying a good deal.

Winthrop Packard

Glimpses of Current Fiction

"The Mississippi Bubble," by Emerson Hough.
Bowen, Merrill & Co., Indianapolis. \$1.50.

Mr. Hough writes a romance around the career of John Law, the creator of the Mississippi Bubble famous in history. He introduces us to Law just when the latter, a young man, has come down to London from his home in Scotland. Law wins the love of two young women, fights a duel, goes to Newgate prison, is allowed to escape through the connivance of his friend the minister of finance, and flies to America with the woman he doesn't love, leaving behind him the woman his heart is really set upon. He has been hoodwinked by the woman who sails with him. He takes her into the far West, beyond the outer line of European adventurers. With a few hardy followers he finds a settlement near the present site of Chicago. Here he is attacked by Iroquois Indians, surrenders, and survives incredible hardships, as does his mistress, during the long march back to central New York, the seat of the Iroquois. Providentially rescued by a French commissioner,

and deserted by his mistress, who finds another man more to her liking, Law goes to France, unfolds great schemes of finance to the Regent, and very shortly becomes the real ruler of the French nation. The story of that most amazing scheme of inflation is here told with dramatic intensity. The novel has a strong, consistent, well developed plot. Its fault is an occasional straining after the hifalutin style of langwidge. All in all, it is one of the strongest and best of recent historical romances.

"*Openings In the Old Trail,*" by Bret Harte.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

MR. HARTE'S last California stories collected. They have the charm of style that characterized the earlier tales which made him famous. There the resemblance ends. The intensity of the earlier stories is lacking. And Mr. Harte's style is of the sort that does not preserve its perennial freshness; its charm declines with repetition, like slang, or a twice told joke. Time was when a story by Bret Harte had power to make one forget minor lapses: in this volume is it noted that the author twice employs the device of having a child frighten away its elders by placing a rattlesnake in their path. In one story the ingenious youngster wears skirts, in the other, the masculine equivalent. You see, however, that it is the same child in both cases. Coming from a new writer, these stories would excite interest: coming from Mr. Harte, they disappoint.

"*Roman Biznet,*" by Georgia Wood Pangborn.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

"*Roman Biznet*" is decidedly a strong story. Colorful, fluid, spiced with dry humor. A half breed French and Indian child is the central figure. "Two natures war within us" is the text. The boy inherits musical genius, and homicidal tendencies. He finds a patron, an elderly unmarried woman of the old

New England type. The scene is the borderland of the Adirondacks. The boy, educated in Europe, returns home to lay the spell of his dual personality upon three women of variant types. Each has a part in the development of his character. He is powerfully influenced, too, by an old physician, the village sage and advisor. Aside from the compelling interest one feels in the fate of the central figure, the book succeeds greatly in its other characters.

"*In the Country God Forgot,*" by Frances Charles.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Arizona—its cattle, its rough men, its burning skies and its sand swept plains—is the theme of the strange novel, "*In the Country God Forget,*" There is remarkable power in some of the chapters; power, also, in the drawing of the characters—the sternly implacable old cattle king; his noble souled son; the latter's wife, "Mees Bax" in the patois of the desert; the sharply contrasting Shorty, stage driver, and Garnet, young millionaire mine owner from New York—all are dramatically vivid. I suppose the novel is faulty as to construction: or it may be a certain swift originality that makes it seem so.

"*The Claybornes,*" by William Sage. Houghton,
Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Mr. Sage's "*The Claybornes*" is a Civil war romance. The Claybornes are Virginians. Father and two sons fight for the Confederacy: one son, holding a commission in the United States army, fights for the old flag. We are shown Grant and Sherman in the field; we see the former capturing Vicksburg. Mainly the author follows the fortunes of the Claybornes and their friends and foes. There is an abundance of fighting, plot, intrigue, love making. The hero wins the heroine. Thirty odd years later we find the Claybornes a reunited family, the men now veterans of the Spanish war.

and all well content to bide beneath the one flag. It is all quite as it should be, as you suspected from the first it would be. The story lacks spontaneity in the telling; it is a bit stiff. The lovers are vocally ardent, but the pages do not reflect the fire of their passions. In this chiefly the novel disappoints.

"*The Seigneur de Beaufoy*," by Hamilton Drummond. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Pages torn out of the book of mediæval France. Chapters, somewhat slightly linked, carry forward the story of the man whose name and title give title to the novel. The stout loyalty of the peasantry to their master, the strenuous arrogance and self will of the master, the intrigues of the court reaching out into the rude districts ruled by the seigneurs—these are the substance of the book. Here is fighting in plenty, but the author appears to have forgotten to provide any love making. And what should men fight for, except it be for love? Or what passes for love. Certain chapters are of absorbing interest: the book as a whole, considered as a novel, lacks unity, plot and the inspiration of woman.

"*John Kenadie*," by Ripley Saunders. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

A well conceived, firmly wrought story of a man's life, from childhood to marriage, in the rural districts of Arkansas. John Kenadie and his cousin Hugh Latham inherit a feud begun in Kentucky three generations before. They do not know this, nor do they know they are cousins. They grow to manhood, sturdy, handsome men of widely differing types—John a poet as well as a farmer; Hugh inclined, as was his father before him, to drink more than is for his own good. They love the same woman. She loves admiration. Hard times for John and Hugh. Finally they shoot each other down in a pistol duel. Both survive, they declare the feud at an end,

Hugh goes away, and John marries the young woman, who now thinks she knows her own mind. Other characters in the novel are scarcely less interesting than John, Hugh, and the apple of discord. Ripley Saunders—a St. Louis man—holds the mirror up to life in this novel.

"*To the End of the Trail*," by Frank Lewis Nason. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Mr. Nason's novel depicts the ruin that came to a sheep rancher when he let himself contract the fever of gold prospecting. He was doing well on his farm. His young wife loved him. He liked his work. They were happy. But the lust for sudden wealth got into his veins. He knew nothing of mining, was strong headed, opinionated, vain, weak willed. The mine salters and their allied swindlers plucked him, as they have plucked thousands like him, and will pluck other thousands. He lost his money, his farm, his home, his sobriety, his wife's respect, his self respect, and finally, we are left to infer, decorated a gallows. As a study of moral disintegration, and an arraignment of the age's curse, the money lust, this book is powerful. Considered as a story, it holds the reader's attention without lagging from first page to last.

"*Buell Hampton*," by Willis George Emerson. Forbes & Co., Boston & Chicago. \$1.50.

Mr. Emerson's novel has been vastly over praised by his too enthusiastic friends. It is a readable story, if one does not insist too strongly upon due respect to the probabilities; it has a savor of the dime novel beloved in our boyhood, oddly interwoven with advanced economic theories, and some really good scenes of life and nature in southwestern Kansas twenty years ago. Mr. Emerson's description of a prairie fire that menaces the frontier town where the scene of the story is laid is good news-

paper stuff, hardly the magnificent literature his friends—(see the last pages of the volume, that should be blank but are not)—proclaim it. He attempts to tell a love story, but misses, lacking imagination, all the subtler phases of that emotion. Misses them, or lacks power to express them. His characters are talky, and not cleverly talky, most of them. These include cowboys, young women, a female adventuress, a grey whiskered prairie mystic, a town drunkard, a cattle king, a banker, a Chicago physician, and others. Yet, with all its glaring defects, "Buell Hampton" will probably hold your attention from start to finish. It has a quality of crude strength, and a swiftness of action, that excuse many faults of construction. Especial stress is laid upon the point that Mr. Emerson was twelve years writing the book. This, if it means that he will be twelve years writing its successor, is encouraging news.

"Stephen Holton," by Charles Felton Pidgin. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

A cross between a dime novel and a "Little Elsie" Sunday school book. Distinguished by a stiffly stilted style, and a magnificent disregard for correct English. Bears the same relation to a genuine novel that a penny paper does to the Century Magazine. In short, slushmushgush.

"Asa Holmes, or at the Crossroads," by Annie F. Lows Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

A little journey around the year. The characters of the book are the men and women who figure in any of ten thousand American villages. Asa Holmes is a patriarch. His eighty-five years have given him wisdom and charity, and have spared his cradle gift of sunny humor. He sits at evening with the group in the grocery store, guides their conversation to higher levels, holds and

justifies their affection for him, enters beneficially into their lives. Christmas is the theme of the first chapter. Then on through the months, each with its especial great day and its influence upon the villagers supplying material for a chapter. Here are the usual village characters, yet somehow they seem more humanly likeable than usual. I suspect it is because they have not been exaggerated, nor satirised—just understood.

"Bread and Wine," by Maud Edgerton King. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

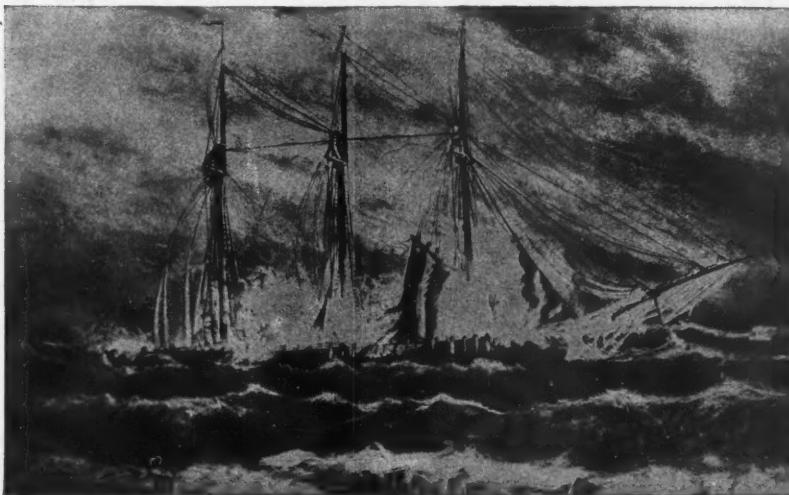
The simple and beautiful story of a humble family in the Swiss hills. A father whose stubborn anger causes unhappiness; a mother whose gentle heart bears unaccustomed burdens bravely; a fine, courageous little son who brings peace and happiness back into the distracted home. Gifted with a rare sympathetic insight into the lives of the lowly.

"The Diary of a Goose Girl," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, with illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

The "Goose Girl" is a fanciful young lady who has veiled a purpose behind a whim. The purpose is to give a certain young man a bit more of beneficial uncertainty before accepting his ardent addresses. The whim is to quit the fashionable English hotel where her party of American travelers are stopping, and go into a little village to court the charms of rusticity. She lodges with a village family, is a spectator of love passages between the daughter of the house and the postman, assists this daughter in caring for the family geese, ducks and chickens, and in time honorably earns her title of Goose Girl. She favors us with much delightful interpretation of goose—and chicken—nature, which, she discovers, is strangely like human nature.

Frank Putnam

AT THE MERCY OF THE SEA ON AN ICY COAST



A Sea Disaster and Its Lesson

Congressman Greene of Massachusetts Tells the Story of the Loss of the Monomoy Life Savers, and Urges on Congress and the People the Necessity for Harbors of Refuge as Well as for More Liberal Treatment of Members of the United States Life Saving Service

By CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM S. GREENE,

Thirteenth District of Massachusetts

AT about 4 o'clock p.m., on the seventeenth day of March, 1902, I was painfully shocked to receive a telegram from the Boston Globe reading as follows:

"Capt. Eldridge and crew, in all seven men, of the Monomoy Life Saving Station, lost their lives off Cape Cod this morning trying to rescue men from a barge. Something ought to be done by the United States government at once for the relief of their families, as pay of life savers is small considering arduous duties. What in your judgment is the best and readiest method? Kindly telegraph answer."

I conferred at once with the leaders of the House of Representatives and Senate

and pleaded for immediate consideration. While all admitted that the disaster was appalling, the leaders wanted no undue haste, fearing that a precedent might be established that would be harmful for the future.

While this opinion did not coincide with my view I yielded to their judgment and wired the following reply:

"The news of the loss of life at the Monomoy Station is appalling. Provision is now made by law for two years' pay only to the families of the deceased at the same rate and at the same time as the men would have drawn if living. Will have bill carefully drawn to afford a pension if possible."

Efforts heretofore have been thwarted by opposition to civil pension list. Any bill must be considered by committee and full facts presented before action can be had by the House of Representatives."

Later news conveyed the sad intelligence that in addition to the loss of Captain Eldridge and six members of his crew, five other men whom they had endeavored to rescue from the Barge Wadena, stranded on Shoveful Shoals, had also found watery graves. Their life boat was capsized by the fury of the sea and but one surfman, Seth L. Ellis, was saved, and to the heroism and undaunted courage of Captain Elmer F. Mayo, who was on the barge Fitzpatrick, half a mile distant, his preservation is due.

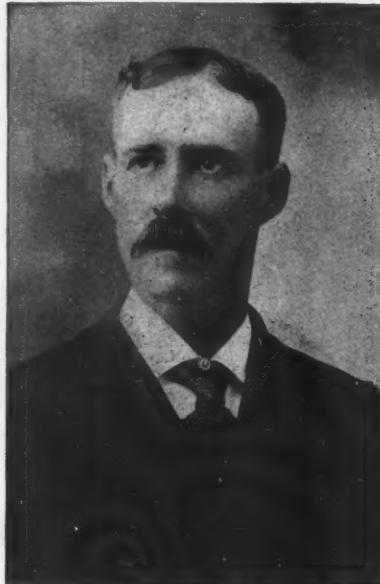
Mayo saw the terrible disaster and the sight of the thirteen men struggling in the waves and surf almost unnerved him. He shoved his boat, a small dory, overboard and jumping into it pulled toward the drowning men, all but four of whom had passed from sight. This dory was

CAPTAIN SETH L. ELLIS



tossed about like a cockle shell as the waves furiously lashed about it, but being guided firmly and surely by the strong

CAPTAIN ELMER F. MAYO



arms and determined courage of Captain Mayo, it finally reached the overturned boat. He was horrified and discouraged as he pressed onward and saw one after another of the imperilled men remaining washed off by the breakers. He grasped Surfman Ellis as he was about to succumb, drew him into the dory and landed him safely on shore. The story of this terrible calamity has been written by abler pens than mine, and I will not undertake to recount it.

This great calamity aroused the interest of the liberal minded and large hearted people of Boston and vicinity, and they, recognizing the slow process of obtaining substantial relief through the channels of the United States government, hastily contributed more than \$40,000 for the relief of the widows and families of the deceased heroes of the

Monomoy Life Saving Station, who surrendered their lives in trying to save the lives of others.

The bill providing for additional compensation for district superintendents of the United States Life Saving Service has been favorably reported to the House of Representatives in concurrence with the Senate. This recognition of the brave men who commenced their career as surfmen and who have been promoted to their responsible stations by reason of meritorious conduct has been secured by the faithful work of my colleague, Congressman Lovering of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce, aided by the agitation growing out of the recent disaster at Monomoy.

The question of pensioning the keepers and surfmen at the Life Saving Service is still pending in this same com-

mittee, and I believe that the recent disaster and the many serious ones that have preceded it will have the effect of

SUMNER T. KIMBALL, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES LIFE SAVING SERVICE



WRECK OF THE CATHERINE, WHERE SCHOOL GIRLS HELPED SAVE THE CREW



producing a favorable report from the committee and the enactment of a law at the present session of Congress which will provide a pension to those who are disabled in the Life Saving Service or to the families of those who as truly lay down their lives in their country's service as do those who fight our battles in the ranks of the army and navy.

The work of members of the crews of these life saving stations is perilous in the highest degree. They are employed only ten months during the year, their pay being but sixty-five dollars per month, and they must furnish their own food and clothing and provide a substitute and lose their pay if absent except on account of sickness, for which a physician's certificate must be furnished. In blinding snow and sand storms they patrol the coast and are required to be

A SEA DISASTER AND ITS LESSON

most vigilant when the weather is most severe and the path which they are required to travel becomes most treacherous by reason of the angry waves making inroads upon and changing the character of the coast.

Amid such environments they look for the distressed mariners, earnestly listening for the booming gun to apprise them of the disaster which awaits their greatest courage to meet and sometimes the sacrifice of even life itself to overcome.

The terrible distress which these men suffer and the strain to which they are subjected seems altogether beyond human endurance. While many admit for argument's sake that the work of the surfmen is hazardous and severe, they content themselves with the thought that the district superintendents are well paid and not subject to hardships. General Superintendent Kimball, who has been connected with the service from its inception, thus speaks of Captain Benjamin C. Sparrow, superintendent of the district comprising the dangerous coast of Cape Cod:

"He was appointed to this responsible position upon the organization of the district in 1872. He has always resided in East Orleans near the shore, and no wreck has occurred during the thirty years of his incumbency of the position, within a distance which would admit of his reaching the same, that he has not attended. At such times his skill and advice have been of the greatest value and upon some of these occasions he endured the severest hardships; in one instance he nearly lost his eyesight and barely escaped with his life. This was on December 23, 1886. He was informed at 11 o'clock at night that there was a vessel off the coast in distress. A terrific snow storm was raging. He immediately dressed himself and set out for the scene, calling on his way upon several of his neighbors where there were five or six men whose assistance he hoped to obtain. He did not wait for them,

however, but proceeded alone through the drifted and blinding snow toward the life saving station, having previously telephoned the keeper of this disaster, and that he was coming to their relief. Upon arriving there at 1 o'clock a.m., he found the crew had gone. He waited some twenty minutes, hoping that the younger men whom he had

**CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM STEDMAN GREENE
OF MASSACHUSETTS**

Mr. Greene is one of the few western men who have come east and figured in the public life of the older eastern states. He was born in Tazewell county, Illinois, in 1841. When he was three years old his parents moved to Fall River, Mass., and he got his education in that city. He was successively clerk in an insurance office, auctioneer, real estate and insurance agent, councilman and mayor, delegate to the convention that nominated Garfield, postmaster, superintendent of state prisons and congressman. His latest election was won with a vote more than twice as large as the total of the three opposing nominees.



notified of the disaster would overtake him. But it seems none of them felt the responsibility or deemed it prudent to turn out. He, however, kept on and finally discovered the men of the station at work at the wreck. He assumed charge of the operations of the life saving crew, but soon discovered that all of the vessel's crew had been lost during the storm. He started for home at 4:30 a.m., reaching the Orleans life saving station at 7:15 and his own home at 9:30

a.m., very much exhausted and his vision so seriously impaired that all objects were dim and indistinct.

"The distance he traveled that night was fourteen miles, not taking into account, as he expressed it, 'the various zig-zags to and fro.'

The investigating officer in reporting the case stated regarding the journey from his home to the wreck:

"It appears almost incredible that he made that journey in the blinding snow alone and unaided, and it can only be accounted for by the fact that he was thoroughly acquainted with every bit of ground he traversed and the wind was behind him. As it was, the journey about used him up, and when I saw him he was still suffering severely from its effect."

Captain Sparrow, although still on duty, has never recovered from the effects of that terrible night's work. His eyesight was almost destroyed and his general health was undermined by the exposure.

Who can talk about refusing additional compensation for work requiring such constant exposure to the terrible storms which encompass Cape Cod and other dangerous points on the coast during every recurring winter season, or can refuse to provide from the abundance of a great nation for the care of heroes like Captain Sparrow (and the life saving service is full of them), in their declining years and for the protection of the wives and children of the officers and men who become maimed in the service or yield up their lives in behalf of their fellow-men?

During the past year Mr. Kimball, the general superintendent of the life saving service, has caused to be constructed an

additional life saving station at the southern extremity of Monomoy Point, and the question of the abandonment of the old Monomoy Station had been under consideration. I had, by correspondence and otherwise, endeavored to impress upon the authorities at Washington the importance of the retention of the old station, and was in consultation with General Superintendent Kimball on that subject on the seventeenth day of March *at the very hour of the terrible disaster* which has been briefly recounted in this article.

Surfman Ellis, the only surviving member of the crew of that station, has been appointed keeper of the old station, and a bill prepared by myself was introduced in the Senate by Senator Lodge and has passed by that body and a similar bill which I introduced in the House of Representatives has been favorably reported from the committee on interstate and foreign commerce by Congressman Lovering, a member of that committee, and by means of this legislation the old station will be continued and thus double service will be provided in this most dangerous locality.

All must acknowledge that life saving stations are a necessity of the enlightened civilization which American enterprise and energy call forth. No other country has approached our own in the establishment and maintenance of this beneficent

THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER FORTUNE



service, which has grown to such magnificent proportions and success under the guiding and skillful hand of General Superintendent Sumner I. Kimball, while a very proper adjunct to that service is the establishment and maintenance of harbors of refuge at the dangerous points on our coast.

Recognizing this fact, I have endeavored since becoming a member of congress to impress upon the river and harbor committee the importance of pro-

viding harbors of refuge in Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds and along the dangerous coast off Cape Cod. Being met at first by the opposition, which finds its strongest stay upon the question of expense, and next by having the measure provided for this meritorious object talked to death in the Senate during the last session by Senator Carter of Montana, representing an inland state, I succeeded in obtaining in the river and harbor bill of the present session a

FRONT AND BACK OF UNITED STATES MEDALS GIVEN TO LIFE SAVERS

Congressman Greene, on behalf of the Treasury Department, which has supervision of the life saving service, presented medals to Captains Ellis and Mayo on June 16, at Chatham, Mass. The medals are of solid gold, and each is of the value of \$100. Each bears the inscription, "Presented for heroic service in saving life March 17, 1902."



provision calling for a survey of Vineyard and Nantucket sounds and the eastern coast of Cape Cod for the purpose of providing a suitable harbor or harbors of refuge.

The Boston Journal made use of the following language regarding this proposition, which I had advocated upon the floor of the House the day following the Monomoy disaster:

"Congressman Greene has struck while the iron is hot, in bringing before the national house his bill for a harbor of refuge on the east shore of Cape Cod in Pleasant Bay between Orleans and Chatham. We do not know how much expert engineer approval Congressman Greene may have, or just what the veteran master mariners of Cape Cod think of it, but on the face of it, the bill presented by him is certainly one of the most attractive propositions that have ever been introduced in Congress."

At present from Vineyard Haven eastward and northward along the whole coast of Cape Cod to Provincetown, there is no deep harbor available for first class merchantmen. The stretch of sand from Monomoy to Highland Light is the most dangerous of all. There is now no shelter into which a deep draught vessel can run when she gets beyond Nantucket. Fog is almost if not quite as dangerous on the outer shore of Cape Cod as these terrible easterly tempests. When a heavy mist shuts down over the waters, vessels are compelled to anchor where they are. If a harbor of refuge were near at hand with a full equipment of fog signals, it might be possible for careful navigators to creep in and lie securely out of the tideway and out of the path of passing ships.

In the month of November, 1900, I visited Honorable John Kenrick, a former member of the Massachusetts state senate from Orleans, Mass., and we sailed around Pleasant Bay between that town and Chatham, and I became convinced that it would be an excellent location for a harbor of refuge and that the same could be provided with a compara-

tively small expenditure of money. As a result of that tour of inspection I presented this subject before the committee on rivers and harbors and finally pressed the measure in Congress, so that this beneficent aid to navigation for both the foreign and domestic trade will be thoroughly investigated by a board of engineers to be appointed by the secretary of war. There are other natural harbors lying along Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds, including Nantucket, Edgartown, Hyannis and Vineyard Haven, all of which are to be considered with a view to their improvement as harbors of refuge under the provisions of the river and harbor bill.

I may add that the first light upon our coast that greets the eye of the mariner approaching our country from Europe is Highland or Cape Cod Light, which was improved by the substitution of a powerful flashing light for the fixed white light which had heretofore designated this station. The legislation providing for this improvement had been introduced by myself after a conference with the Boston Chamber of Commerce and the great maritime interests of the country.

The great water highway of commerce between Boston and New York and points north and south, along the entire Atlantic coast, should be safeguarded by every known appliance for the protection of human life and the safety of the vast amount of capital represented in the vessels and cargoes that are constantly passing and repassing along our shores.

I trust that the subjects referred to in this article may be so impressed upon the minds of the readers of this magazine that they will join with myself and my associates in Congress in making effective legislation which shall engrave them into law.



The Apotheosis of the Dandy

By MARTIN MURRAY

THE dandy has received his apotheosis, in Boston, at the beginning of the twentieth century of the Christian era. It has been a long time coming. Others—great geniuses, some of them—have sung the praises of clothes, *per se*, but it has remained for Mr. Joseph Lewis French of Boston to adequately, within the briefest compass, show forth the spirit of dandyism, as embodied in the famous dandies of all times, in a neat little book published by Macmillar Parker Company, 400 Washington St., Boston.

"Apollo was the first dandy. Perhaps the final one," says Mr. French. "As to the former proposition, at any rate, there can be no cavil. For a dandy first of all must be beautiful, a peer of masculine grace and perfection. And the Lord of Light has been the model of the ages."

Your true dandy has ever been a man of great spirit, a genius. Run down the list here cited, following Apollo: Alcibiades, Pericles Prince of Tyre, Tiberius, Petronius, Richelieu, the Cardinal Duc de Rohan, Walter Raleigh, Beau Fielding, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Marlborough, Louis XIV, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chesterfield, Nash, George the Fourth, Colonel Kelly of the Guards, "to whom the world owes the invention of boot-blacking. He lost his life in the attempt to rescue from his burning residence his precious collection of boots." Brummel and D'Orsay lead London in turn, as do "these marvelous literary bucks, Bulwer and Disraeli," last of the Anglican tally.

Of American dandies, but two find record here—Nathaniel Parker Willis—and, would you believe it? — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who, Colonel

Higginson records, returned from a European tour in his twenties, "in spiral-striped trousers," and otherwise attired in so pronounced a fashion that his social intimates were moved to earnest protestations.

Of the more general aspects of the subject Mr. French says: "The clothes-



ALCIBIADES

B C 415

wearing dandy is the product of an effete civilization and an unkind climate. Carlyle's definition cannot be considered as final. 'A dandy,' he proclaims, 'is a clothes-wearing man; a man whose trade, office and existence consists in the

wearing of clothes.' This, like the various portraits of Christ, which are simply ideals of their time, is after all only the expression of a period. And the period when 'Sartor Resartus' appeared, was perhaps the most clothes burdened era the world has ever seen. Civilization was just emerging from wigs and small clothes into the ampler glory of striped trousers, plaid velvet waistcoats and 'rings and pins and chains,' which Thackeray described King of Corpus as wearing 'very splendid' at the Cave of Harmony. The stronger sex was just born anew in cloth—cloth masculine, as distinguished from cloth feminine and cloth neuter.' The silks and velvets and laces that are the ineffable prerogative of the fair sex had disappeared at a touch with the advent of pantaloons into the abyss of time. Enter the tailor—exit the costumer and the peruke maker. Here was the inspiration of 'Sartor Resartus'—a work of monumental genius which we owe directly to the man who invented trousers. It matters not who he was. 'Sartor Resartus' is his monument—and Carlyle's. Let the philosopher pursue his rhapsodical but exact definition. 'Every faculty of his (the dandy's) soul is consecrated to this one object, the wearing of clothes wisely and well, so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress.'

It is obvious at a glance that, of all the dandies of history, Mr. French's one especial favorite is Alcibiades. Thus:

"As truly as all the world loves a lover, so has all the world admired—adored as to the softer half of it—the dandy from the days of Alcibiades. What so charming in all the lively records of old Plutarch as the particular 'life' of this very particular oiled and curled Athenian exquisite? Who was likewise a shining son of Mars—as other dandies have been.

"Even puritanical old Langhorne's version cannot rob him of a single grace. He is immortal like his prototype Apollo—as all really great dandies are. They mince down the corridors of time, side by side with the world's great conquerors, and heroes, and criminals of lighter mien, but not less absolute and assured bearing.

"To return to substantialities: Alcibiades had a lisp. This is the first one recorded in human annals. As Lang-

horne: 'He had a lisping in his speech which became him and gave a grace and persuasive turn to his discourse. This lisping was owing to a certain thickness and volume of his tongue, which was larger than that of other men.' Alcibiades seems to have possessed that greatness in small things which is the hallmark of the true exquisite. Witness this incident of his boyhood. When hard pressed in wrestling, to prevent his being thrown he bit the grasping hands of his antagonist, who let go his hold and said,



RALEIGH

1590

'You bite, Alcibiades, like a woman.' 'No,' replied he, 'like a lion!' Again,—listen—Alcibiades had a dog of uncommon size and beauty which cost him seventy minae, and yet his tail, which was his principal ornament, he caused to be cut off. Some of his acquaintances blamed him for acting so strangely and told him that all Athens rung with the story of his foolish treatment of the dog.

at which he laughed and said, "That is the very thing I wished, for I would have the Athenians talk of this, lest they should have something worse to say." There is somehow the ring of true genius in this. That sanity of intelligence that distinguishes the exquisite who is really of the immortals, is apparent in his choice of Socrates for his guide, philosopher and friend."

From Alcibiades to N. P. Willis is a long jump and a far jump, yet needs

arisen within fifty years who can live for a moment in the light of the great coxcombs of the past. Dandyism is dead, and the dude, its weak survival, is likewise nearly extinct: But the passion for elegance, the affectation of the exquisite in mode and manner that so fittingly supplement an innate and often outward sense of perfection in face and figure, will live as long as the stars, and can no more be extinguished in the human breast than the light of these luminaries, or than love itself, of which it is often indeed only a minor order of expression."



BRUMMELL

1803

must we take it. The limitations of space forbid further extended quotations from Mr. French's rhapsody. In conclusion he says:

"Of swells in the great sense, however, America has never produced one, as befits a nation whose civilization is so far an inexact copy. Nor has any dandy

An odd coincidence, is it not, that in a time when criticism laments the demise of poetry, one finds the laureate of dandyism mourning above the bier of this his theme. It is cheering to observe, that, quite at the end, his spirit rebounds in an impulse of that eternal hope which animates all the adventures and aspirations of mankind. Dandyism is dead. Poetry is dead. That is to say, the expression of these two noble arts is no more worthy the name. But—and here is the fountain of hope—the spirit that created both dandyism and poetry is immortal, and will find new expression in later times.

For one, I am disposed to regard dandyism as a victim of democracy. It was formerly, like scholarship, the prerogative of the few. Democracy has destroyed it by making it common. No one but the rich can afford to dress badly nowaday. Commercialism—another name for democracy of the era—demands much in the way of outward appearances. If the clothes do not indeed make the man, they introduce him, and rank him. They index either his ability, as reflected in his garb, or his lack of the love of beauty, or both.

Mr. French's essay is printed in neat booklet form, with several full page illustrations—portraits of famous dandies—by Macullar Parker Company, 400 Washington Street, Boston. Send them two two cent stamps for a copy.

A NEST OF FACTORIES ON THE CANAL



Grand Rapids, the Furniture City

By A. T. THOITS,

Editor of the Furniture Record

THE good American looks to Paris for his fashions, to Constantinople for his rugs, to New York for his finances, to Grand Rapids, Michigan, for his furniture. There seems nothing incongruous, unnatural or irrational in the first three propositions. They are apparently a legitimate evolution, wholly in consonance with the eternal fitness of things.

But through what condition or combination of conditions has it come about that an insular, provincial, medium sized city, situated in an agricultural state and community, not even located upon a main trunk line, absolutely dominates and arbitrarily dictates the character and kind, the style and design of furniture of the medium and better grades, that fills American homes, from my lady's chamber to the dining room, and all between?

Local advantages? They are not greater than scores of other communities. Contiguity of raw material? It is brought thousands and thousands of

miles—from dusky San Domingo, from torrid Honduras, from sun kissed Mexico, from darkest Africa, from the sunny south and the rugged north. First in the field? Boston's supremacy in furniture manufacturing had waxed and waned, Cincinnati had in turn wrested the lead from New York, ere Grand Rapids had foot firmly planted upon the bottom rung. Its magnitude? There are cities both at home and abroad that exceed in capital, number of workmen and value of product.

What, then, has given this city a fame almost world wide, has rendered the words "Grand Rapids" synonymous with furniture?

Exceptional skill and ingenuity in technical detail of construction, cultivated taste in design and superior quality of workmanship. These be some of the causes of Grand Rapids' unquestioned prominence and preeminence in the furniture industry of the world. And the word world is used advisedly. For

GRAND RAPIDS, THE FURNITURE CITY

almost cotemporaneous with the ending of the war in South Africa, started a solid train load of furniture from this little Michigan city, consigned straight through to Johannesburg.

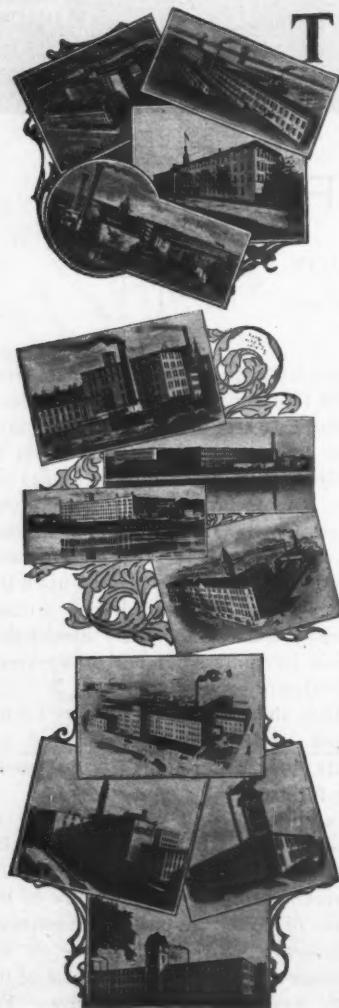
If the theorist be looking for an illustration of what specializing can accomplish—for a bright and shining example

of individuals and of a community concentrating energies toward one interest, until they have gained such high degree of perfection in both quality and quantity that they have distanced all competition and supply and control the markets for their special productions—let him cast eye Grand Rapids-ward.

There are in round numbers two score furniture factories in Grand Rapids. Each establishment maintains its own staff of designers whose duty it is to plan articles of furniture as comfortable, quaint and beautiful as the art of man can compass. The designing is perfect. The execution matches the designing. In carving, cabinet making and finishing there are no craftsmen quite the equal of those developed in Grand Rapids. The carvers in almost any of the factories could produce, were it required, with their deft chisels, the famous carving on the pulpit of St. Gudule's cathedral at Brussels, one of the most wonderful bits of woodwork in the world.

Twice each year—in January and July—is held by these factories what they call an exhibition and sale. That is to say, during these months they arrange for inspection all of the different kinds, styles and finishes of furniture that they purpose to manufacture in the ensuing six months. It is in effect an "opening," corresponding closely to the function so dear to the heart feminine. The best thought, study, art and skill of the designers in the preceding half year is here displayed in the perfection of the finished piece—the unquestioned standard of furniture styles for the succeeding season. Each factory has its individual exhibition room, colossal affairs, veritable exhibitions in themselves, as may be imagined when it is stated that some single factories exhibit over two thousand different pieces and styles of furniture. Combined, there are on view more than twenty-five thousand different, separate and individual articles of furniture in

A CLUSTER OF VIEWS IN GRAND RAPIDS



the local show rooms. And of these twenty-five thousand, at least one-third are designs entirely new. The others may be modifications and improvements of previous seasons, or staples which remain in demand a number of seasons. Big figures fail to impress with anything like the magnitude they are intended to convey; but some idea of the immensity of this strictly local display can be obtained from the fact that more than four hundred thousand square feet of floor space is utilized in making these exhibitions.

And to these semi-annual "trade sales," "furniture fairs," "advance view of new designs," "expositions,"—as they are variously termed—come the dealers themselves or their accredited buyers, representing without exception all of the leading retail and jobbing furniture establishments of the United States, and the chief cities of Canada, England, Mexico, South America, Australia, South Africa, and the continent. Not always to buy, but to learn the trend of the new fashions,

are thus always represented in this inconspicuous inland city twice in a twelve-month. Then it is that Grand Rapids

MONROE STREET, FROM CAMPAU STREET



MICHIGAN SOLDIERS' HOME



to see for themselves the latest efforts of the acknowledged makers. More than one thousand of the great mercantile establishments of the country

puts off its local garments and becomes indeed a cosmopolitan miniature metropolis.

The manufacturers of furniture in other towns and cities of the country have not been backward in appreciating this remarkable condition of affairs. Some twelve or fifteen years ago—perhaps at the suggestion of some enterprising salesman—out-of-town manufacturers commenced to drop into the Grand Rapids with samples of their finished

furniture, perceiving the exceptional chance to secure the eye and ear of the buyers. They have continued to come in steadily increasing numbers until now more than two hundred and fifty factories, comprising practically all the leading lines of the country, now exhibit regularly in Grand Rapids, at the same time that the local factories hold their exhibitions. They occupy almost all of six immense buildings, with a total floor space of nearly seven hundred thousand square feet. They come from every section of the country—from cultured Boston and classic Cambridge, from the eastern

GRAND RAPIDS, THE FURNITURE CITY.

and the western metropoli, from the Empire state and the state of Pennsylvania, from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,

LADIES' LITERARY CLUB HOUSE



Wisconsin, from the south and the North, from far and near—wherever there is a factory producing furniture for more than local consumption. The action of these outsiders, so called, emphasizes more than mere words the importance of the Grand Rapids trade sales; it indicates that the buyers—all buyers worth cultivating—are at Grand Rapids, and the outside manufacturers are keen to tie themselves to where the buyers can be found in quantities.

Conceive of twenty-five acres of furniture—no two pieces precisely alike—if your imagination be sufficiently elastic, and some idea of the magnitude of these semi-annual affairs may be obtained.

And thus forty factories, by the very excellence of the reputation they have established and maintained, in effect virtually force more than two hundred and fifty other furniture manufacturers to bring their samples to Grand Rapids twice each year.

Is any more impressive statement of the unique position attained and maintained by Grand Rapids possible?

Reference has been made to some of the reasons why Grand Rapids has reached the eminence it occupies in the furniture industry. One of the most potent reasons why it maintains that position is the little red triangle adopted as a trade mark by some seventeen of the largest and best factories in the city. In business, there are associations and associations; associations for the restriction of production; associations for maintaining prices; associations to regulate credits—and there are associations which the not too finical call "trusts." But the Grand

Rapids Furniture Association (incorporated) is like unto no other organization of business concerns in existence. It does not concern itself with prices. It is absolutely indifferent to over production. It reckons not of credits. It surely partakes not at all of the character of the trust, for it does not claim that it was organized to reduce the cost to the customer. The sole purpose and object of its being is to maintain the character of the output of its factories. The little triangle is the red badge of

THE PENINSULAR CLUB



merit, the cross of the furniture legion of honor. It must not be placed upon any

piece of furniture save and unless that particular piece conforms to the standard of absolute perfection in material and

A TYPICAL BUSINESS BLOCK IN GRAND RAPIDS



workmanship. It must not be used upon inferior goods. That is the chief mission of this organization. Incidentally it advertises very extensively the furniture of Grand Rapids, but it does not individualize any member of the association. The firms contend quite as actively for business among themselves as with others not members. It was in part to protect the furniture buying public and themselves that the project was conceived. The name "Grand Rapids" had come to mean so much that many other concerns had made it the greater part of their capital, using it to the manifest detriment of the real Grand Rapids product, and to the distinct loss of the public, who purchased the goods in the confident expectation that they were obtaining the celebrated Grand Rapids furniture. Of course, there was a fair modicum of shrewd business acumen

mingled with their sentimental anxiety for the good name of the city and the interests of the consumer. But the members of the association have gone further. To protect the regular furniture dealer throughout the country, the members have agreed not to sell their furniture to any but a regular furniture dealer, and not to the consumer direct. As it is through the legitimate dealer that the manufacturer of furniture must dispose of his output, the means adopted by the association has tended to place the furniture industry upon a firmer basis than ever before.

What manner of city is it that has thus come to be the arbiter of the furniture fashions of the country — that has rendered furniture—to paraphrase Mark Twain's famous saying regarding the city of Hartford and insurance, "none genuine unless it has the words 'Grand Rapids'

blown in the bottle?"

Grand Rapids hovers 'twixt "metropolis" and "city," possessing for some inexplicable reason some advantages not yet attained by the former, together with its full quota of the advantages attaching

A COLLEGE AVENUE RESIDENCE



to a moderate sized American municipality. Picturesquely nestling in the valley of the river from which it takes its name,

GRAND RAPIDS, THE FURNITURE CITY

the city is rated forty-fourth among American cities in size, its population approximating an even hundred thousand. It is a handsome city, with broad and well paved streets, and a wealth of beautiful shade trees. It is not unnatural to expect that a community so famous for the production of household equipment should be a city of homes. That surely is Grand Rapids. With a dwelling house to every four and a half of its total population, it leads every American city in this respect.

Literature, music and art receive intelligent attention. Indeed, the only building devoted to music in the world erected and managed exclusively by women is an object of admiration to visitors in Grand Rapids. The city is also the home of the oldest literary association of women in the United States.

If the impression has been conveyed that furniture manufacturing is the sole interest of the city, it should be corrected. Of course that is the principal industry, and the magnitude and variety

of this product are not easily made clear. In dollars and cents, Grand Rapids contributes about one-seventh of the out-

ONE OF THE SIX BIG FURNITURE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS



put of furniture in the United States. But aside from this, Grand Rapids is a place of varied industries, of some commercial importance. Not all of its energies and capital are devoted to furniture making, and it has some pretensions to fame abroad aside from this specialty. One carpet sweeper factory here makes ninety per cent of the world's total, and another makes most of the other ten per cent. Most of the fly paper sold throughout the civilized and a good part of the uncivilized world is manufactured here, and two factories located in and near Grand Rapids make more than half of all the felt boots marketed in the United States and Canada.

Gypsum and plaster beds in the limits of the city produce products known everywhere. The lumber interests are large, and while the firms and individuals handling them of necessity have widened their operations until they include all sections where virgin forests yet stand, the home offices yet remain in the city of their incep-

CANAL STREET, FROM CAMPAU SQUARE



tion. Over one hundred jobbing houses monopolize the trade of a not inconsiderable territory, nearly five hundred

THE ZOO IN JOHN BALL PARK



commercial travelers hailing from local concerns, while not less than half as many more representing houses located elsewhere make their homes here.

Reference has been made to some features possessed by Grand Rapids not yet enjoyed by even larger and more pretentious cities. What think you of a letter box attached to every street car? The advantages, of course, are manifest. A standard United States letter box is attached to each end of each car. Upon signal, the cars stop for posting such mail as will pass into the ordinary box. At a central point collectors empty the boxes and send the mail to the central postoffice. As there are fifty miles of the system, it may be readily understood that a goodly portion of the citizens are enabled from their own residences to start their letters toward their destination almost as quickly as though they had personally mailed them at the post office. Over seven thousand telephones, the largest number per capita of any city in the Union, tell something of the progress of the community. Parks, avenues, streets, public buildings, private residences, as indicated by the views herein, bespeak a community greatly above the average, when mere numbers are con-

sidered. Surprisingly modern suburban resorts, and near by watering places, render a sojourn in the furniture city a good way from an infliction, even to the blasé representative of the largest metropolitan establishment. For the hotel accommodations are quite as modern as the most finical could desire. As a matter of fact, one hostelry, but just opened, by the by, might be regarded as one of the city's show places. Room for room, there is not a hotel in the country that is finer furnished than this. All of the furniture, it is needless to say, was made in Grand Rapids, a considerable portion to order, and it must have been *con amore*.

Superb new suburban trolley lines connect the city with city and town within a radius of fifty miles, and carry the pleasure seekers to the beaches of the great inland ocean of Lake Michigan,

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT



while the river Grand, itself navigable for craft drawing four or five feet, is in process of being deepened by a paternal

THE CENTRAL HIGH AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS



government. River steamers now make regular trips to Lake Michigan.

Grand Rapids is situated in the "fruit belt" of Michigan, and annually more than half a million bushels of peaches, not to mention other fruit, are marketed.

This is a pen sketch—a brief and all too inadequate attempt to tell something of the city wherein is planned and executed the fashions in furniture of the

great republic. Is it not in keeping with the history of the country that this should be in a community where seventy years ago was a wilderness unbroken? That where, three score years and ten since, there was no evidence of the presence of the hand of man, save in the clusters of Indian wigwams, now are designed and made creations that excel even the antiques they oftentimes reproduce?

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN



Canton, Ohio, as an Industrial Center

CANTON, the city that gave McKinley to the country, the city wherein that great statesman sleeps, now that his life is ended, has an interest for all Americans far beyond its beauties, its industries, its gains. Canton is rich, busy, expanding—soon to enter the list of the hundred-thousand cities; its people are alert, enterprising; its institutions reflect these qualities in their builders; but to the American people, Canton will always have a claim apart, and greater, than lies in these things. Hundreds of thousands of strangers have come to Canton as to historic ground. Other hundreds of thousands will make like pilgrimages in years to come. These later comers will find their way through the busy city to Westlawn Cemetery, and on to the mound whereon is to stand the magnificent memorial of the people to William McKinley, the foremost statesman and best beloved leader of his time. Coming to that simple, homely, comfortable cottage where he lived and welcomed so many tens of thousands of his fellow citizens during the great campaign of 1896, and in the years that followed, they will look on it as a shrine, and perhaps will find it filled with mementos of the second martyr president.

It is singularly fitting that circumstances should mark the home city of William McKinley for industrial greatness. Canton, whose foremost citizen was the prophet and builder of American industrial supremacy, is destined to become

one of the great industrial centres of America. Rapid as its rise in this direction has already been, its future has the promise of still more significant triumphs. It is the purpose of this article that follows, written by the secretary of the Canton Board of Trade, to tell what Canton has accomplished in this way, and what she hopes to do in the future.

*By JOHN E. MONNOT,
Secretary of the Canton Board of Trade.*

CANTON, Ohio, is located fifty-eight miles south of Cleveland and one hundred miles west of Pittsburg. It is the county seat of Stark county, which county ranks among the foremost counties in the Union, considering her agricultural resources, mineral deposits and industrial facilities, and is the only county in the state of Ohio which contains three cities.

The population of Canton in 1900 was 32,000, exclusive of the suburbs, and the most conservative estimates place the population now, in 1902, at 45,000.

The growth of Canton during the year 1901, was much the largest in its history.

The city grew larger during the past year than during the biggest boom years of its former existence.

Owing to the great number of large industries recently acquired, and those now under con-

struction, and the great number assured in the near future, the population of Canton will, it is safe to say, reach

THE CANTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



70,000 within the next decennial period.

The population within a radius of twenty miles from the center of the city of Canton, is approximately 164,000. There are only four cities in the state of Ohio which surpass this—Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus and Toledo. Columbus and Toledo, with their large populations, only exceed the above population by a few thousand inhabitants. Outside of Dayton, there is not another city in Ohio which can come

within 30,000 of this population within the same radius.

A Great Manufacturing City

Canton is a great industrial centre. It contains 240 different manufacturing establishments, producing over 5,000 specific articles for the markets of the world. These factories now employ 11,628 workmen, who receive nearly \$7,000,000 a year in wages. The new industries in course of construction and

THE STARK COUNTY COURT HOUSE, CANTON



which will be in operation during the present year, and those assured, will employ 2,000 additional workmen.

The city has twelve wholesale houses and its retail stores are among the best and most attractive in the state. It is a great centre for commercial travelers, being the home of over four hundred. Its hotels are among the best. Two

THE MC KINLEY HOTEL, NAMED AFTER THE LATE PRESIDENT



more magnificent hotels are now being erected.

The city has nine banks, whose clearings from June 1, 1901, to June 1, 1902, were \$21,820,000. The postal receipts

CANTON'S HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING



NEW HOTEL NOW BEING ERECTED. NAME NOT YET CHOSEN



from the sale of postage amount to nearly \$100,000 and the money order business is \$500,000 annually.

The incoming and outgoing freight

CANTON'S CITY HALL



tonnage during the past year was 1,800,000 tons.

A Fine Residence City

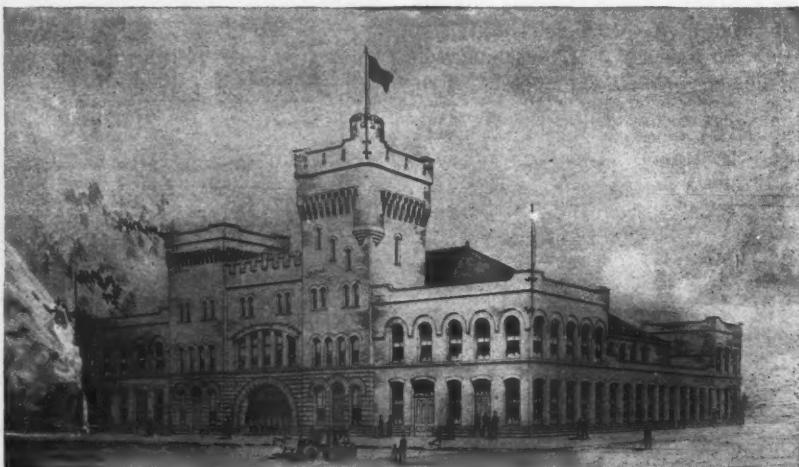
Unlike most other manufacturing cities, Canton is also a fine resident city. It has more beautiful homes and streets than any other city in the state. Its

CANTON, OHIO, AS AN INDUSTRIAL CENTER

streets are wide, paved and shaded; with Canton, in its churches, stands the flag stone sidewalks, and curbs, bordered peer of any city in America under 75,000

CANTON AUDITORIUM, WITH A SEATING CAPACITY OF 5,000

This building is to be completed this summer. It is the property of the city and will give Canton one of the largest and best convention and exhibition halls in Ohio.



by beautiful lawns, and few or no fences. inhabitants. Some of the most beautiful There are some very beautiful parks. and expensive structures are located

**PUBLIC SQUARE, LOOKING NORTH, SHOWING COURT HOUSE AT LEFT, AND
PROMINENT BUSINESS HOUSES**

Photograph by Rief



in this city. Its schools are the finest in the country. Its business blocks are in keeping with the public buildings which illustrate this article.

Why Manufacturing Establishments Locate in Canton

Every person over thirty years of age is well aware of the fact that it has not

ments desire to be centrally located, on account of freight rates and shipping facilities to all parts of the United States and Canada, and the cheapness of fuel. There is no place in the United States where fuel can be delivered at the door of the manufacturer so cheaply as in Canton. In the years to come, the gradual moving of the manufacturing in-

MARKET SQUARE, LOOKING SOUTH AND SHOWING THE NEW MCKINLEY HOTEL IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION THIS PICTURE WAS AKEN FROM A POINT A SHORT DISTANCE BELOW THE MCKINLEY AND DAY HOMES

Photograph by Rief



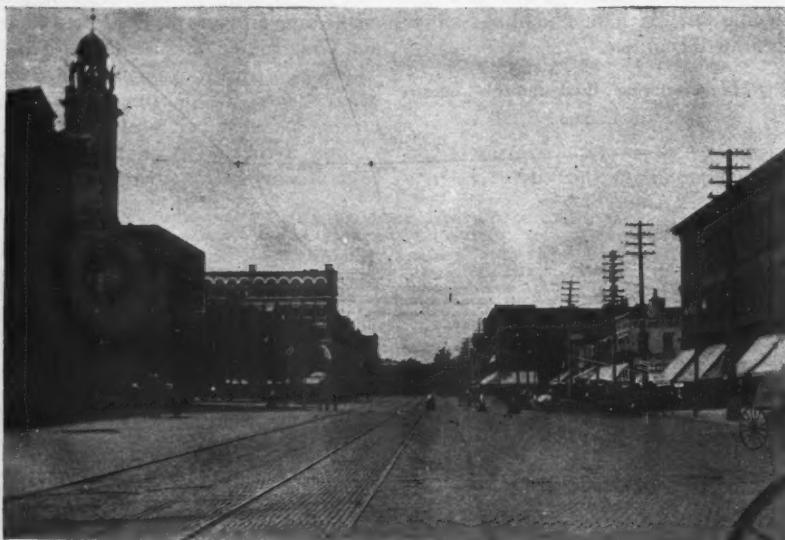
been many years since all of the principal manufacturing establishments in the United States were located in the Eastern states. As the centre of population is gradually growing westward, the New England States are fast losing their prestige in manufacturing. The great manufacturing and industrial belt of the future will be between Pittsburg and Chicago, from east to west, and from Detroit, Michigan and Louisville, Kentucky, from north to south. The reason for this is that all manufacturing establish-

dustries from the east, south and north will locate most of them in the above belt, with Canton as the most desirable point, on account of its great railroad facilities and cheapness of fuel. By reason of the inexhaustible deposits of coal near Canton, our factories have not yet suffered from want of fuel by reason of any strike. Canton has the best and cheapest facilities for shipment to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Canton is on three trunk lines, the main line of the Pennsylvania system,

BUSINESS SECTION OF MARKET STREET, THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF THE CITY,
LOOKING SOUTH

Photograph by Rief



the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Wabash systems; it is also the centre of inter-urban electric railways. The practical man and capitalist who will visit this city will be quick to appreciate the fact that here are afforded opportunities for safe investments sure to bring speedy returns.

To those about to engage in manufacturing, or those thus engaged and desirous of the best and most assured facilities, and those desiring any further information concerning the city, correspondence is solicited by the Canton Board of Trade.



Invictus

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the night from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

X
It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the
scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley

The Public and the Packers

By A CHICAGO MERCHANT

THE case of the government against the packers of Chicago has been in the United States Circuit court of that city this month. The court's decision had not been reached at the time of this writing. The government asked that a permanent injunction be issued against these six big packing firms of the west restraining them from trade combinations pronounced illegal by the Sherman law. A temporary injunction to this effect was granted in May.

Extraordinary interest has been manifested in this case because it is the first great prosecution of an alleged trust attempted by the general government. The rapid rise in the price of beef during the late spring, and the discovery in New York of private papers of the packers tending to show that there had been a trade combination among them, provoked the government's action. At the same time the press of the country was flooded with articles on the beef situation and the packing industry, and with many statements, a number of which were false, as to the character of the provision business.

Nationally, Chicago is the center of the food supply of the country. Internationally, it is the strongest competitor with Russia and Argentine for feeding Europe. Within its confines more corn, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, eggs, poultry, beef, pork and mutton are handled annually than at any other point in the world. The packing industry had its starting point about 1860 and has grown into an annual volume of business supposed to represent about \$500,000,000. The late P. D. Armour was the founder

of the industry. In its development the entire process of handling and shipping meat has been revolutionized and the world in many respects has been materially benefited through the discovery of innumerable bye-products.

No other like enterprise approaching the city's packing industry in size exists on earth. As Theodore Dreiser said:

"By its side ship yards and mines and steel plate industries are dwarfed, for it is a trade especially vital to the life of the people, and deals with the thing more important than all else, food. Many arguments have been introduced to show what Chicago has done for this industry, and what this industry has done for Chicago, but the truth is that brains and the growing west made the packing industry, and it would have been just what it is some time or other, Chicago or no."

Hasty critics of packers' alliances with railways, of the rebate system, of pooling of market issues, forget, in their clamor to score a political point that these men have introduced system into the cattle business, that they have given an impetus to cattle breeding, to the proper care of stock, to the rightful treatment of meats after slaughter, for which they should receive far more esteem than any general that ever led troops to the slaughter of his fellow men.

As far back as 1889, P. D. Armour said to a government investigating committee:

"It is only necessary to call attention to the centralization of markets; to the changes in the equipment for the transportation of cattle for long distances; to the refrigerator car system by which fresh beef can be transported for long distances and ripen and improve during transit; to the exportation of cattle, fresh

beef, and beef products to foreign countries, and to the transportation of fresh beef and mutton from Australia across the tropics and the marketing of it in good condition in England, to understand the change that has been necessitated in the manner of marketing cattle and of preparing the products of cattle for consumption as well as in the distribution and sale of the products."

The change referred to is even greater since 1889 than previous to that time, for today more than \$200,000,000 of capital is engaged in the Chicago packing business alone with a total annual volume of business approximating half a billion dollars. The careless methods of cattle raising on Western ranches, so conspicuous between 1875 and 1890, have given place to the skilled work of the middle West farmer. The "diversified" farmer has succeeded the "wheat" farmer. Corn is daily approaching final supremacy as a cereal and corn is the stock raisers' backbone.

It has been the vital necessity of the Chicago packers that better cattle, better hogs and sheep, should be raised every year by the farmer and ranger. An army may be fed on "canners," but not the brain and muscle workers of the world. So it has come about each year that through the packers' power live stock shows, stock journals and even the daily press have worked for higher grade stock and necessarily in this for higher prices to the producer.

In this connection it may be well to note that men of the push of the Cudahys, Armours, Morrises, Lyman, of the Hammond concern, and the Swifts, have made a provision point for the world which in magnitude surpasses any other of past history. The wheat, corn, cattle and sheep of the region between the Rockies and the Ohio finds Chicago the easiest and speediest distributing point.

It is something to reflect upon that the daily food supply of three-tenths of Eng-

land, one-fifth of France, one-quarter of Germany, one-eighth of Spain, one-sixth of Austria, one-seventh of Russia, one-quarter of Scandinavia, one-third of Canada, one-fifth of Mexico, one-quarter of the Philippines, one-fourteenth of China, one-ninth of India, and of the whole United States, is affected, diminished or increased, by the fluctuations of the Chicago market. It is well to understand that the cold storage egg, the refrigerated beef, the canned soup, the cured ham, are not luxuries forced on the market by capitalistic will, but necessities demanded by a world's population hungry at all stages.

This is beside the question whether the packers are guilty or not of the acts charged by the government in its petition for the issuance of an injunction. It is alleged by the government that they have for years accepted rebates from the various railroads; that in a sense they have held up the roads for discriminating rates; that they have destroyed competitive trade; that they have created artificial buying and selling prices for the purposes of enhancing their wealth; that they have added no more to the wealth of the cattle producer of the West than the old competitive conditions would have added; that they have grown enormously wealthy at the public expense until they have come to regard themselves as above the law of the land. How far the government will prove these charges remains to be seen.

When the great packers first began to understand what money there might be in handling and shipping food products for the people, the West was growing fast. Its areas of production were astonishing all observers, and handling and shipping were profitable. Railway lines were reaching out in new directions, here increasing their capacities, there reducing their rates. The shipping on the lakes was changing in character and increasing in tonnage. It

was the time of times for organizing a business enterprise dealing with food, and it was duly organized.

There had been changes which rendered possible the creation of such a food gathering and delivering system, for it was the third year of the war and the demand was great. The old state banking system had passed away and had been replaced by national banks, while the bank notes issued by these, with the legal tender "greenbacks" of the United States, provided a uniform currency, everywhere available, instead of the miscellaneous and often questionable paper which had embarrassed produce purchasers in former times.

The system of exchanges between the East and the West had become greatly simplified. If you add to these conditions a great commercial genius thinking steadily about the best way of gathering, preparing and shipping food products, and watching the whole country by the aid of the telegraph to learn its needs and supply them, you will come to understand why the meat preparing industry of the nation is centralized, and why the Union Stock Yards of Chicago are what they are.

When it is taken into consideration that there are often to be cared for 50,000 hogs, 20,000 cattle and 5,000 sheep all at one time and with a constant stream of railroad traffic, it can be imagined what work and care are necessary. The yards comprise 200 acres. They contain twenty miles of streets, twenty of watering troughs, fifty of feeding troughs, seventy-five of drainage and water pipes, and can daily care for 125,000 hogs, 20,000 cattle and 15,000 sheep. No interest is left unprovided for and no item of expenditure escapes its proper assignment.

The value of the stock yards company plant itself, exclusive of the great packing establishments, is about \$5,000,000 and about a thousand employees work

for the company. But individual plants within the yards are each worth many million dollars more than this and the number of employees is proportionately greater. In a busy season Armours employ as high as 22,000 individuals and the Swift company as high as 30,000.

The number of cattle packed in the yards in 1865 was 27,172; of hogs, 507,000. In 1901 the total number of cattle, hogs and sheep handled at the yards exceeded 16,000,000, and there was not a country in the world that did not receive some of the product from them. The figures are used merely to show the immensity of the business and to further indicate that a fabric so extensive is not necessarily built upon deep driven piling. It has a structural delicacy to which as much considerate attention is due as to our national bank system, or our iron and steel industry.

In the indiscriminate hue and cry which is too often raised against large financial organizations there is always a high note whose meaning is destruction. The breath of the iconoclast sweeps along side by side with the spirit of the mob. The trust question is vexing every thinking mind in the United States; every honest man wishes it were settled, but so far no one has offered a remedy that gets general approval. So far as the nation has progressed with the problem, it appears certain that centralization, concentration of energy, is a world phase which cannot be checked. It appears to be a natural remedy for the old time diffusion of energy with all its wastefulness, and is equally apparent in all the large lines of commerce.

Individual packers may have done many wrongs; trust leaders and financial geniuses are no more than human, after all is said; but the spirit of the age toward them should be that which seeks to regulate without destroying. These men are primarily the public's servants and have an enormous value to the

nation. They must be well repaid and treated fairly. The great work before the people is to provide for a manner of regulating trusts and combines, fitting them into every day life in a natural manner, and making them wholly beneficial to the world.

Here is a combination of men whose products, taken from millions of producers, go to every nation of the world. You alter the buying price of a quarter of beef in Chicago and its selling price changes in New York, London, Paris, Shanghai—everywhere in the world. You check the export trade of the Chicago packers, prevent it, and it will take Europe and the other nations of the world a decade at least to readjust their system of food supply and provide a new source. Countless thousands of people will be put to suffering and hardship.

The armies of the world, the great laboring masses, rich and poor, draw from this central market daily sustenance by an evenly adjusted system that is so closely figured that it is true that no packer today can offer beef to the public at a profit. *The beef packing industry in itself is run at a loss.* Of course there are bye-products and allied industries which compensate for this loss, but imagine if the six beef packing firms voluntarily quit buying and killing and closed their yards, what the result would be while the world was preparing for a new system in this line?

The great packers are not children, and no one imagines they are building for love. The Armour, Swift, Morris and other packing estates are enormously large. They have millions to command, and are quite capable of caring for themselves, and the only concern the general public can have in their affairs is as to how honestly they deal with the people. At this point the question of governmental or state or municipal regulation of their affairs arises, and until that form

and manner of regulation is settled the trust question will not be settled. The regulation must be fair to the one regulated and just to the people regulated for. If it is to be through publicity or public audit or a commission, the manner must be equitable to both parties to the agreement. But once it is found, the side issues of rebates, of interference with legislatures, of artificial markets and the like, will adjust themselves.

In the animal as slaughtered at the Chicago yards there was found some years ago a gland which chemists and bye-product men could not account for. Its presence seemed to be superfluous in the animal. No apparent use for it by man could be found. Efforts were made to utilize it, but these efforts failed. The elder Armour, as the story runs, finally had a number of these glands collected and sent on to a New York chemist with instructions to ascertain if they might be made of value to packers and public. This chemist worked over the glands for a year and then he came to Mr. Armour and he said:

"There is nothing in existence for localizing cocaine once it has been injected into the system. If cocaine is taken into your guns to ease a pain when a tooth is to be pulled that cocaine must pass through your entire system before it can be eliminated. It affects your heart, your respiration, your stomach. Well, this gland can be made into a preparation which will localize the cocaine, keep it in one spot and prevent its entering the blood."

Now the gland is carefully saved and utilized to aid the preservation of the human system. The story is told merely to show that the beef industry, the packing houses, while not ideal institutions, while perhaps all the government claims they are, are not merely an economic factor in civilization but a hygienic, a sanitary, a life factor. The packer offers hides, felt, bone, sugar clarifier, casings, fertilizer, oleomargarine, certain needful

oils, glue, gelatine, horn, every possible bye-product of the animal but the gastric juice of the stomach. That and that alone he does not yet know how to utilize, but he will find a place for it.

In the ordinary life of the individual there is not a product of the packing houses that does not enter somehow. Bread, cake, meats, tobacco, sugar, butter, clothing, all get some basic element back in the abattoir. And if the world had not needed some great central clearing house like the packing establishments they never would have succeeded. All the genius of P. D. Armour, all the push of G. F. Swift, would have been quite useless if a necessity had not existed. You cannot give the world what it does not need. There must be a popular demand before there can be a popular supply.

It is probable the West is not suffering from drouth. It is true there is not a great shortage of cattle. In native cattle, the supply is excellent. The justification for the sharp advance in beef prices must be found elsewhere than in these columns. Railway rebates, blacklisting, boycotting, are subjects for which the government has officials and laws, and if not, should have. The people can provide for that when they awaken to the necessity.

But the beef industry of the United States represented in Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Sioux City and St. Paul is too great, too world encircling, to be dealt with hastily or on imperfect knowledge. The packers can never grow greater than justice. Let them fail to recognize justice and their ruin is certain. But the plain people, the backbone of the republic, must in turn give justice to the captains of industry, must meet their marvelous undertakings with sanity of thought, speech and action.

In the case of the Chicago packers, it is interesting to study the personalities of the men, to learn who they are, what

was their start in life, and so forth. Mr. H. I. Cleveland, a journalist well acquainted with the large figures in the packing industry, paragraphs them in this fashion:

"The foremost personality in the packing business of Chicago at the present time is that of G. F. Swift. Mr. Swift earned his first money in Boston as a clerk, and his estate is now said to have a value of \$30,000,000. He is a religious and domestic man, a member of St. James Methodist church and a liberal subscriber to the needs of Methodism. His time is entirely spent either at his home or in his office in the packing district. More than 19,000 people are now in his employ; the volume of business of his company last year reached \$180,000,000. His two sons, L. F. Swift and E. F. Swift, are rapidly succeeding him in the business.

"The Cudahys are four Irish giants. They were born in County Kilkenny and arrived in Milwaukee with their parents when infants. They began life with little education and in humble occupation in the pioneer Milwaukee packing house of Armour & Plankinton. The brothers are the pork and lard specialists in the world. John Cudahy has been famous as a grain and provision speculator on the Chicago Board of Trade. In 1892 he built a corner on pork and lard which cost him \$3,000,000. He promptly started life anew, paying \$1,000,000 of his debts in cash and giving notes for the remainder, due in two years. Every dollar that he owed was paid at that time. Michael, the senior of the brothers, never speculates, but enjoys yachting and has a summer home at Mackinac Island.

"J. Ogden Armour, the head of Armour & Co., is a reserved, self contained man and believed to be fully as good a business manager as was his father. It has often been said that if he had been in control of the Armour business when

the canned beef investigation came, after the Spanish-American war, Armour & Co. would never have been drawn into that unfortunate affair. Mr. Armour attends strictly to business, dislikes publicity, and, so far as outside affairs are concerned, interests himself only with the progress of the noted Armour Institute. The business of Armour & Co. has reached a volume of \$200,000,000 a year. P. A. Valentine is the financial manager of the company; A. I. Valentine, his brother, has charge of all the grain and elevator business of the corporation; Arthur Meeker manages the packing department.

"Nelson Morris, the heaviest exporter of cattle of the six big packers, is reputed to be worth \$20,000,000. It is told of Mr. Morris that he never wore a dress suit. He was born in Germany and came to Chicago when fifteen years old. He began business life as a watchman in the Chicago stock yards with a salary of \$4 a week, but by application made himself an expert judge of cattle

and hogs and in time was able to start an independent business of his own.

"The Hammond Company, of which J. P. Lyman is the local manager, does an enormous export business. The company was organized in 1869 by George H. Hammond and began operations in shipping dressed beef to Africa."

My friends the socialists are saying the only remedy for evils that inhere in the new conditions is government ownership. But they have not proved their case. I personally believe the thing to do is to provide a system of government regulation, a system that will prevent violations of the statute laws, and insure the people against unduly large charges for the services rendered by the trusts. This has yet to be tried. The problem is too new to have found its solution. Government regulation, rather than government ownership, is the logical next step. It may, just possibly, become necessary for the government to acquire the railroads, in order to insure equal rates for big and little competitors.



The Poet's Song to His Wife

HOW many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the wing'd wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loath
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah!—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!

Bryan Waller Procter



SUMMER sessions of congress are always interesting. It is the sultry days that try men's souls—I should say tempers. The doors of the senate are thrown open, and there is an air of abandon and democracy not apparent during the steam heat days. The negligé attire has a freedom that is sketchy. Through the open doors of the committee rooms staid senators in shirt sleeves may be seen, writing letters to agricultural constituents, keeping clear of the shoals of protest and petition. There is a listless atmosphere over it all—a few of the habitual spectators take a short nap between times.

Senator Morgan is reading the 147th chapter of his speech on the Nicaragua canal bill and, grand old patriarch that he is, he is given a most respectful hearing, for if any one person in the senate is thoroughly posted on the subject of inter-oceanic canals, it is Alabama's senior senator. The chief laurels will belong to him, no matter what canal route shall be selected. It was a bit of chivalric gallantry when he was interrupted by Senators Bailey of Texas and Fairbanks of Indiana, to hear them give him full meed of credit as the foremost canal champion. Senator Morgan responded by insisting that he was not the preeminent canal advocate, but that William McKinley was the more ardent

and conspicuous and that he desired to see this canal constructed as a monument to one of America's greatest presidents.

Senator Hoar asked permission to introduce a resolution to have some cannons melted into a statue for his home city of Worcester, Mass. It was evident that he had visited home recently and that the constituents were urgent.

"I am glad to be favored with the presence of the senator from Massachusetts during one of my speeches—even if it is only when he has a resolution to offer."

There was a pleasant exchange of bardinage between the venerable gentlemen, and Senator Morgan went on with his interminable speech. There was a variation when the clerk was asked to try his six-auctioneer-power voice on a mass of correspondence recounting insurrectionary troubles in Colombia.

"What is the date of those letters?" asked Senator Fairbanks.

"July 16, 1900."

This indicates the keenness with which every move is watched.

Senator Spooner's amendment, substituting the Panama route, met favor. The "Little Giant" from Wisconsin is one of the strong men of the nation, and one of the events of the month was his stirring speech on the Philippines. As a debater, and a keen, quick and decisive thinker,

he has few equals. Senator Fairbanks has been an active leader in the canal discussion, favoring the Panama route as the best business proposition, while Senator Hanna has been getting out the votes for that side.

"We have plenty of good arguments and speeches, but it will not do to have a weakness when it comes to votes."

The Ohio senator made one of his characteristic speeches, driving straight at the bull's-eye on a business basis. The large map on the wall, showing the entire isthmus, spread from floor to gallery rail. With a number of other maps, each showing a cross section of the isthmus, the senate chamber looked more than ever like a college class room. While the air outside was sizzling, the debate was comparatively well refrigerated by the coolness between Senators Tillman and McLaurin.

chance on the bill for the new department of commerce.

Drowsily enough the day's business drags, again suggesting the atmosphere developed in every American school room toward the close of the school year. In the schools the boys are given clearly to understand that it is not impossible for any one of them to become a senator—or even president. How closely knit, after all, is the fabric of our national life is all its varying phases and stages.



In the house there is the same drowsy air; the activities of the earlier days of the session are tempered somewhat with senatorial deliberation. Summing it all up, the present session of congress has seen much hard work accomplished. National life at Washington partakes more and more every year of the nature of business operations. A sort of complacent commercial communism, perhaps. Indeed, I should not be surprised if the senators and representatives should form a union in these days of consolidation. The "community of interests" has affected the new members. They formed an association among themselves, regardless of party lines. The idea is to mitigate the dullness of their "plebe" year, to make it more sociable, by way of compensation for sitting idle and quiet all day on the floor of the house, or wedged in at the center of a committee table.



SENATOR CLARK of Montana is always busy writing letters and he always puts the stamp on the envelope with a dainty little brush, addressing it carefully before he begins writing the letter. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts tears up lots of paper in a reflective way—always sitting sidewise in his desk. Senator Spooner's gaze is leveled straight ahead. Senator Gallinger has ex-Senator Chandler's newspaper as well as his senate seat. Senator Beveridge finds his place on the Democratic side, ready for a skirmish. But during all this, Senator Morgan is delivering a speech that will become historic for its comprehensive treatment of the inter-oceanic canal question. Senator Warren of Wyoming is cooling himself with callers in the marble room, watching the weather ticker for a change. Senator Depew has sailed and there is no one to tell good stories. Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota evidently waits his

ON the day the irrigation bill passed the House, there were several stirring speeches, and irrigation for a time appeared to be the great overshadowing national question. Mr. Mondell of Wyoming made an eloquent presentation of facts concerning the public, contrasting the amounts expended to maintain navigation in certain streams through the river and harbor bill, showing that

the proposition to divert the head waters of these streams for irrigation, so reclaiming vast tracts of land, was more wise than trying to float vessels over muddy bars. In other words, use the rivers' water for navigated irrigation, rather than irrigated navigation.

National irrigation has come to stay, and it will do much for the development of our arid states—our own contiguous territory. The National Magazine, I am pleased to say, has been recognized by the leaders as the chief advocate of the cause among the periodicals, and one was generous enough to assert that the National's irrigation number, in February, with its many strong articles from experts, was largely instrumental in passing the bill. That number of the National, by the way, has been widely discussed in Australia, where the irrigation question is pressing for settlement also.

for gaining information, for "Cal" O'Laughlin counts among his friends every official and attache of the state department from Secretary Hay down. No man in Washington can get more news than he from the foreign diplomats, a difficult field from the newspaper standpoint.

Recently Mr. O'Laughlin was presented with the decoration of the order of Stanislaus from the Czar of Russia, as a token of the esteem in which the Russian ambassador held him. Although regarded here as nothing more than that, the bestowal of the order aroused Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the editor of the New York Herald, who cabled from France that the gift must be returned or his resignation would be expected. "I will give you till next Wednesday to return the gift," cabled Mr. Bennett.

"I will give you till next Wednesday to find a man for my place," was "Cal's" laconic reply. He is now representing several newspapers of the country in similar work, his services being especially desirable. He has written considerably for magazines.

WASHINGTON correspondents wield the pen for newspapers in nearly every quarter of the globe. Presses in London, Berlin, Honolulu, and Manila, are daily giving forth dispatches from the federal capital about current political events. But it is only recently that they have invaded the Japanese field. Mr. John Callan O'Laughlin, for ten years the representative of the New York Herald in the state, war and navy department and at the legations and embassies, is the first American correspondent of a Japanese newspaper — the Mainichi Shimbunsha, of Osaka.

Mr. O'Laughlin has had a notable career in newspaper work, which promises more, because he is still a young man, being now twenty-nine years old. He has made a special study of the Chinese question and has written a book on the subject of America's relations with China, which will be published at an early day. He had special facilities

JOHN P. HORNDAY, Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis News, went down to the buried city of St. Pierre on the relief ship Dixie.

The story of the destruction of St. Pierre, he says, must be largely a product of the imagination, for no one escaped to tell it. The first cables from the West Indies related that of a total population of 30,000, one man, a prisoner in the city jail, had come out of the disaster alive, but the American newspaper correspondents who went to the scene of the disaster on the United States cruiser Dixie soon learned that the story was without foundation. True, we have a score or more of survivors from the shipping in the roadstead, but they have only a nebulous impression of what took

place. All they know is that on the fatal morning darkness settled over St. Pierre and the Caribbean Sea near the city. So dark was it at 7 o'clock that the Roraima, the last vessel to put in, had great difficulty in picking up the light set to guide ships to the anchorage. Suddenly came a terrific explosion from the mountain — likened by the surviving sailors to the explosion of a hundred pound gun on the deck of a vessel — followed by a cloud of fire. It all took place in less than three minutes. Undoubtedly the concussion from the pent up forces in the mountain, bursting out through a new crater, killed many persons outright, or else they were crushed under falling walls. Such as survived the shock were asphyxiated a minute later. This occurred at ten minutes of 8 o'clock, May 8. Twelve days later the same force that destroyed the 30,000 inhabitants of the city buried them under a flow of volcanic dust from six to ten feet deep.

A MERICAN newspaper correspondents reached the scene of destruction May 21, the day following the second great eruption. By permission of the acting governor (the governor had lost his life in St. Pierre) they visited the buried city. Not many bodies had escaped burial by the flow of volcanic dust. French soldiers were searching for uncovered corpses and such as were found were burned. Only the jagged walls of the buildings projected above the mantle of dust. It was barely possible to pick out the outlines of what had been the streets. The outer walls of the great cathedral in which the feast of the ascension was being celebrated at the moment the volcano hurled death and destruction on the city had tumbled in, burying several hundred worshippers. A slab from the marble door was found by Rev. J. F. McGrail, chaplain

of the Dixie, and will be sent by him to the pope. The bank of Martinique, the one large financial institution on the island, had excavated for its treasure and had found the safe intact. No other excavations for valuables had been made. The only bodies that have been taken out are those of Thomas T. Prentiss, the United States consul, and a daughter of the Italian consul at Barbados. Mont Pelee, six miles from the buried city, still threatened to renew the attack. Great columns of steam rose intermittently, formed into umbrella shaped clouds and floated off to sea. From fissures extending down the side of the volcano almost to the limits of the buried city jets of steam were issuing, sometimes to the height of twenty feet.

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[N]HABITANTS of the island who had been out of the range of the volcano's fury were panic stricken. Several thousand had already hastily packed all their earthly belongings and fled to other islands. The eruption of May 20, which scattered dust and stones over Fort de France, the only other city of any consequence on the island, had driven the people of that city almost to despair. When the cloud of steam and dust from the volcano settled down over the city the people rushed to the beach; all the available shore craft put to sea, and hundreds of natives swam a quarter of a mile to the large vessels anchored in the harbor. Captain McLain of the cruiser Cincinnati, related that he could hear from his ship the cries and moans of the distracted people on shore. But no one was injured and the people returned to their homes to await the fatal day, which most of them believed would come sooner or later.

—♦—
THE United States relief expedition, under the command of Captain Berry of the Dixie, did not find any urgent need

of relief on the island of Martinique. The United States vessels Potomac and Sterling, from Porto Rico, had already unloaded large cargoes of stores, and relief boats had come from several islands of the Windward group. After putting ashore 450,000 rations, the relief expedition proceeded to the island of St. Vincent, where the volcano Souffriere, in eruption one day before Mont Pelee destroyed St. Pierre, had killed 1,600 or 1,700 persons, had horribly burned several hundred more, and had devastated a large section of the island. Fortunately for St. Vincent no city was within reach of the fury of Souffriere, else there would have been loss of life as great as that on Martinique, for the eruption was not less violent. The British colonial government, quick to act, had gathered the injured and homeless from the devastated districts in camps and hospitals at Kingstown and Georgetown. Physicians—volunteers—from Barbados, Grenada and other islands, with the assistance of the local physicians, were caring for the injured. A large population had been made homeless and the supply of stores from the Dixie, amounting to about sixty per cent. of the total dispatched by order of congress, was urgently needed by the refugees.

The Caribs, the aborigines, whom

Columbus encountered, inhabited a large area of the district devastated on St. Vincent. "When Souffriere smokes build caves," had been a watchword passed down from generation to generation by the Caribs, and so when the volcano showed signs of activity they did build caves, and hundreds of them escaped with their lives, but with their reservations ruined.



PEOPLE of St. Pierre had ample warning, but were prevailed upon by the colonial authorities and the local newspapers to believe that the danger was not real. As early as April 25, Jules Romain, a guide, visited the volcano and reported down in the city that the crater was filled with a "boiling mass." From May 1 until the day of the awful calamity the volcano was emitting steam and ashes. Three days before the final one the village of Precheur, six miles from St. Pierre, was destroyed by a flow of mud and hot water. But still the wise men of the city said there was no danger. The last issue of *Les Colonies*, the little French daily of the city, printed at 3 p. m. the day before the eruption, asked in bold type:

"Where can one be safer than in St. Pierre?"



Men and Women of the Month

John Pierpont Morgan has discovered that he has a liver. He may some time discover that other men have livers. This discovery usually sets men to pondering on the life to come. John need feel no uneasiness regarding the future: without flattery and without malice, I have embalmed him in a lyric.

Michael Henry Herbert, British ambassador to the United States, had a Norman gentleman for his first British ancestor, and has an American woman for wife. She is a Wilson, sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Reuben Gold Thwaites, of Madison, Wisconsin, foremost living authority on

the history of the Mississippi valley, has edited "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents" in seventy-three volumes.

Joel Chandler Harris, your Uncle Remus, has received the degree of Doctor of Literature from Emory college, Oxford, Georgia. Fortunate Georgia, possessing Joel Chandler Harris in fiction, Frank L. Stanton in poetry and Thomas E. Watson in history.

Thomas E. Watson, aforesaid, declares literature is a pleasanter and more satisfying pursuit than politics.

Ellen Terry has quit Sir Henry Irving's company to join that of Beerbohm Tree. Irving made the natural male mistake of taking Miss Terry at her word when she said she wished him to hire a younger woman to take her roles in certain of their plays.

King Albert of Saxony, field marshal in the German army, is dying. He has made many great gifts to his people, among them the royal domain and forests.

John Burroughs, white haired and serene in "Slabsides," his summer home at West End, New York, quoted the following verse to a company of callers the other day:

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

"I wrote that in '62," he said, "when I was young and at a time of gloom and depression. But I have lived to prove it true. My own has come to me."

Mayor Sam Jones of Toledo, Ohio, has been declared, by inference, an imbecile, because he substituted for the usual damphool civil service questions put to applicants for police positions, a set of questions bearing on the ethical fitness of applicants for the places they sought.

Senator Chauncey Depew's plea in favor of the Appalachian park project, and for forest preservation generally, is declared by Senator Frye the most valuable and suggestive speech he has heard at this session of congress.

General Neville Gerald Lyttleton, who remains in charge of the British forces in South Africa, greatly admires the bravery of the Boers, and is disposed to make the new relations as easy for them as possible.

Thomas Alva Edison's new storage battery may eliminate the plug horse, engaged in heavy teaming, but not the speedy driver, the handsomest and wisest creature on four legs.

Herbert Spencer, grandest scholar of the nineteenth century, has given the world his "last word" in a final book of collected essays. In this last book, he expresses the belief that "with the cessation of consciousness at death there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed." And of what becomes of consciousness at death: "We can only infer that at death its elements lapse into the infinite and eternal energy whence they were derived."

General Leonard Wood now knows what is meant by "the gratitude of republics."

Mr. Pompey Stots of Chicago, was arraigned in police court for stealing a pair of trousers. He offered no defense except the following lines:

I stole dem britches; I's 'nowledged de corn,
But thought it no crime, sho's you born.
If de motive am right, dan dar's no sin,—
I stole dem britches ter be baptized in

Edward F. Younger, who reports the incident in the Atlanta Constitution, says the judge declared it a shame to hide such talent in the Bridewell.

Walter Wellman, correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald in the coal fields of Pennsylvania during the recent great strike, says that strike was a protest against serfdom. Mr. Wellman's characterization of the forces there contending is so shrewd, and so sure to come in handy later, that I will just copy it entire:

1. An effort to Americanize the mass of imported labor in the anthracite field — to organize it into unions, to secure for it fairer treatment and better compensation, to enable it through its intelligent cohesiveness to demand and procure the same consideration given native or more highly developed labor in other vocations, to lift the standard of citizenship and of comfort among these people.

2. An effort on the part of capital to resist this natural progress and to perpetuate the semi-feudal system which has always prevailed in the anthracite region—a system in which the labor was not organized and in which the employers were obdurate masters, and in which the standard of citizenship, of manhood and intelligence was low among the workers and the standard of comfort low in their families.

Senator Stephen Benton Elkins of West Virginia, the only member of the United States Senate who speaks New Mexican Spanish, has anticipated the natural course of things by offering a resolution for the annexation of Cuba to the United States as a state of the Union.

George F. Baer, leader of the railroad and coal interests in the recent coal mine strike, fed hogs on his father's farm in Somerset county, Pa., passed through journalism and the law into railroading and finance, and is rated a genius in both these lines of action.

Rev. T. G. Mosier, pastor of the Watch Tower evangelical church at Mishawaka, Indiana, thought to better the condition of affairs by urging his belief that men should not marry before reaching their thirtieth year, and that women should blush unseen until twenty-five. The men of the parish are not saying much, but the women declare the parson is seven different kinds of a heretic.

Charles J. Osborn deserves to rank with Niagara Falls as one of the great natural wonders of America. He is a newspaper man who has held one job continuously for forty-seven years. After that extraordinary service as local representative of the Associated Press at St. Louis, Mr. Osborn has retired. Another miracle that has to be recorded in this connection is the fact that his employer has kept him on the pay roll as advisory editor. The newspaper as a rule has about as much use for a worn-out employe as a small boy has for a sucked orange.

Senator William E. Mason of Illinois was one of two Republican senators who voted against the Philippine civil government bill. Asked by the Chicago Record-Herald to give his reasons for that vote, he writes two columns, the nub of which is this paragraph:

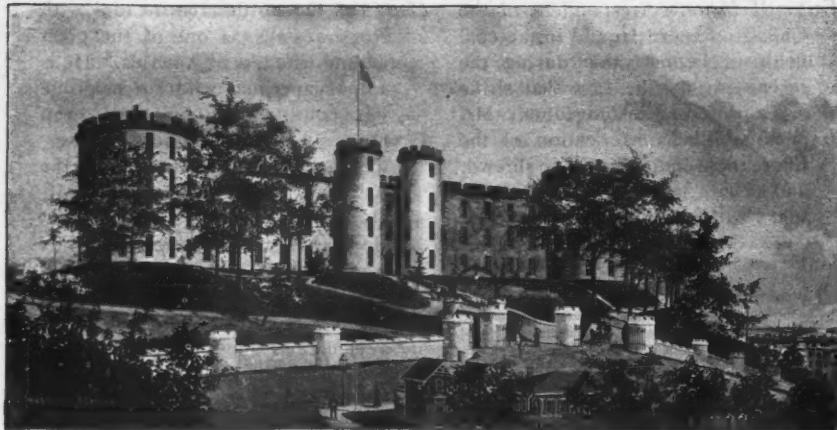
You ask the reason for my decision. I answer that because of the teachings of my father and mother I hate slavery, and when we attempt to govern the Filipinos without their consent it is just as much slavery as when England tried to govern the United States without ours.

I will not stop to consider the proposition that we can give the Filipinos better government than they can give themselves, because it is the same proposition that King George made to my fathers who fought in the Revolution. The fathers of the republic said that self government was better than any other government, and after a long life of study upon that question, I find that rule to be fixed as the law of gravitation.

Professor F. P. Fitzgerald—hats off to him—is a scholar and a gentleman. Incidentally, he is the head of the Mitchellyville, Iowa, industrial school for girls. Mr. Fitzgerald, having sense and sympathy, has substituted music for muscle in disciplining the girls confided to his care, and has won a degree of obedience never gained by any of his predecessors. He believes girls have souls.

Frank Putnam.

OREAD INSTITUTE, MR. HENRY D. PERKY'S GREAT COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT WORCESTER, MASS.



Oread Institute

THE great bulwark of our national strength today lies in the home makers. From the time of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, down to William McKinley the great men of the nation have declared enthusiastically for the art of home making, home building and the American fireside as the invulnerable fortress of our country's destiny.

The first and most prominent institution for the exclusive and comprehensive study of domestic science is the Oread Institute at Worcester, Mass., established by Henry D. Perky. Some years ago, he purchased the famous, picturesque Oread Castle, which occupies a stately and spacious site in the very heart of the city of Worcester, Mass. Originally established by Eli Thayer, a graduate of Brown University, and a man of national prominence in the fifties and sixties, it enjoys the distinction of being the first college ever established for the higher education of women, having been opened in 1848. The graduates include many prominent women of today, among them Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. It is indeed fitting that this pioneer seat of higher education should in later years have grown to be the great school of domestic science, which is, after all, the highest education of women.

The year's course is compact and the

requirements for admission include sound health, and maturely sincere interest in the work, with a full course at a high school or its equivalent. The faculty, however, passes on the applications, considering individual merits rather than an arbitrary academic standard. The absolutely necessary requirements are covered in elementary physics, physiology and chemistry, including laboratory work, in inorganic chemistry; arithmetic, geometry and algebra; American and English history, and a good knowledge of speaking and writing the English language. This makes the year at Oread in a way a complete and practical post graduate course, which fits the students thoroughly to be home makers and teachers of domestic science. The attention now given to this branch in schools generally makes the demand for instructors far greater than the supply, and those who escape the net of Cupid always have good positions assured and awaiting them.

The scholarships, board and rooms are furnished absolutely free by Mr. Henry D. Perky, and the attendance is limited to the capacity of the school, about fifty in all. The course is for one year only and the curriculum speaks eloquently of the art of real home making. The list includes cookery, chem-

MR. HENRY D. PERKY AND THE CLASS OF 1902, OREAD INSTITUTE

Photo by Louis Oliver



istry of foods, marketing, house economics, practical housework, laundry, sewing, sanitation, physical training, elocution; English composition, physiology, physics, bacteriology, pedagogy, emergencies; history of foods, feeding of infants and children, and psychology.

In all the long list of college commencements which set New England ablaze in June time, there were none to me of more practical interest than that at the Oread. The stately old trees that stand guard about the famous old castle, never looked more beautiful than in their graduation garb. There were Chinese lanterns swinging from every bough in the gentle breeze. That evening the brilliant moon peeped down through the turrets and towers of old Oread, suggesting a painting of mediaeval times. Floating out from the casements came the soft strains of mandolin and stringed instruments, mingled with the happy voices of young and old greeting the founder and faculty. The rooms were thronged with beauty and gallantry, there to do honor to the graduates representing nearly every state in the Union, who had completed a course, which to the practical world meant much more than Latin-laden sheepskins showing classical prowess. The rooms were filled with evidence of the practical work which an Oread diploma requires. Here were the newest, daintiest and the most substantial viands for the table—preserves, salads and sauces. There the triumphs of practical needlework and sewing.

Intelligently and enthusiastically the graduates entertained the guests with descriptions of their work, that were as fascinating to men as to women, for after all, who does not admire that which makes home brighter and more attractive?

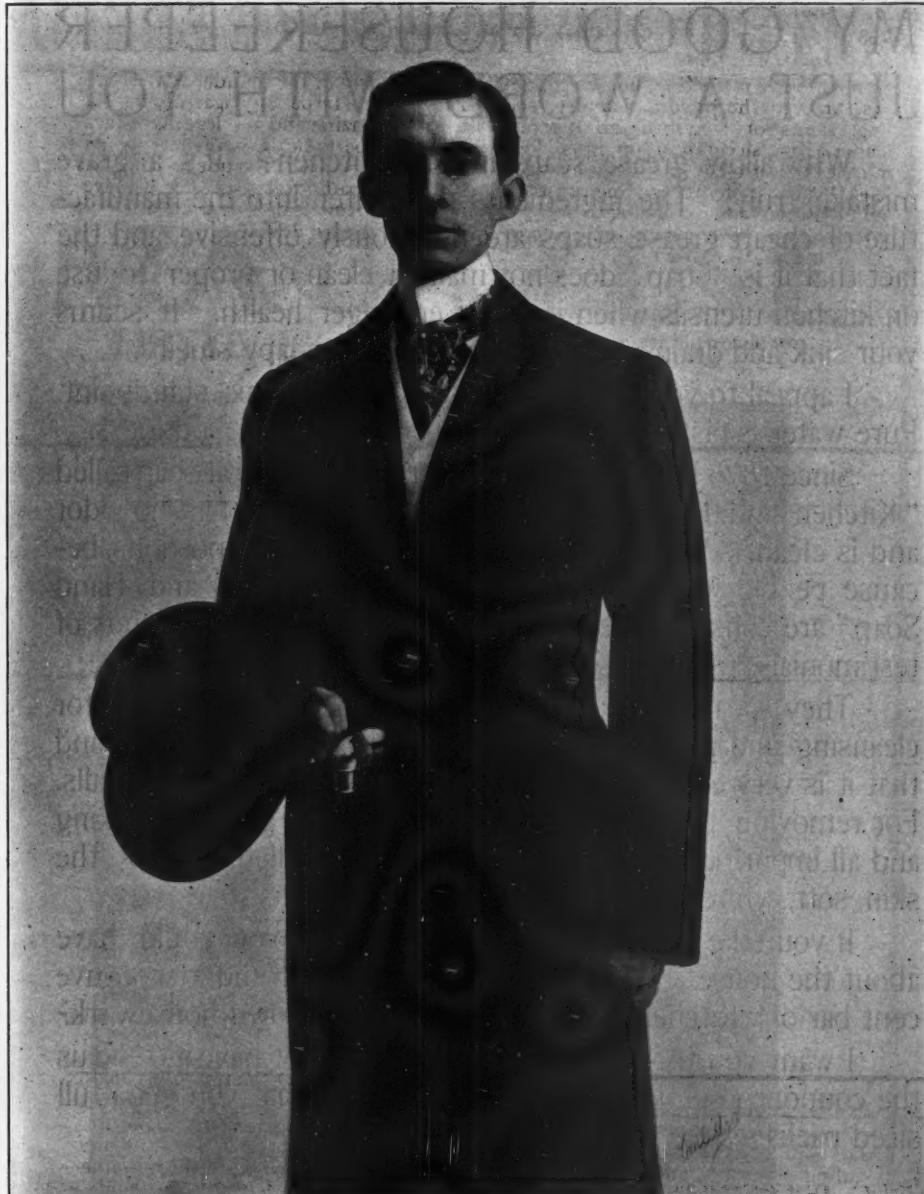
The welcome extended by the young ladies for the class of 1902 was replete with suggestions.

The Oread Institute is most cordially and enthusiastically endorsed by the leading educators, and prominent leaders of progressive ideas in all parts of the country. There was a sincere outburst of enthusiasm when G. Stanley Hall, the distinguished president of Clark University, and one of the best educational authorities in the country, paid an emphatic and superlative tribute to the work accomplished, and to the ideals

and purposes of the founder, Mr. Henry D. Perky. Harper's Magazine, the National Magazine and all leading educators and periodicals have heartily endorsed the Oread Institute, which has blazed the path for still greater achievements in American home making. It is distinctively national in its scope and the National Magazine can unhesitatingly aver that no educational institution has a more profoundly important mission. We have secured from Mr. Perky the grant of one scholarship, to be known as the "National" scholarship, representing the nation at large, and no particular state, as in the other cases. This scholarship includes board, room and tuition absolutely free for one year, furnished by Mr. Perky, who supports the school and its noble work out of his private income, and what is more, gives his own personal enthusiasm and energy in the direction of the Institute.

The "National" scholarship will be awarded to one of the young lady subscribers of the National Magazine and there is absolutely no condition except sending your name and application direct to the Oread Institute, mentioning the "National" scholarship. We hope to make this scholarship graduate a staff contributor to the National Magazine, taking charge of a department of domestic science as outlined at Oread Institute next year. The name of the young lady securing the scholarship will be published in our September number. There will be no favoritism in the selection; while of course only one can be chosen for this scholarship, the one best fitted to employ it—you may be the one. All correspondence in reference to the applications for the "National" scholarship should be sent direct to the Oread Institute, Worcester, Mass. Free scholarship application blanks and catalogues may be obtained by addressing the Principal. The application blanks are self explanatory and contain instructions how to proceed. All applications must be on file at Oread Institute on or before August 1, 1902, and the examiners would esteem it a favor, as it would be advantageous to all concerned, if they were sent earlier. Notice of the decision of the examiners will be mailed to all applicants not later than Aug. 10, 1902.

Now, young ladies of America, be prompt. Act at once! Speak for yourself. *Joe Mitchell Chapple*



W. M. OSTRANDER.

Photo by C. M. Gilbert.

Mr. Ostrander, an energetic American of Hollandish descent, not yet thirty-six years old, has build up the largest real estate brokerage business in the world. He can sell your real estate, or business, no matter where it is. His Home Office is Suite 1453, North American Building, Philadelphia, and he has branch offices in most large cities. If you want to sell a property of any size, of any kind, located anywhere, send description and price and learn Mr. Ostrander's novel and wonderfully successful plan. It is instructive and interesting — you will be glad you asked for it. If you want to buy, tell him your requirements. He can fill them advantageously.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

MY GOOD HOUSEKEEPER JUST A WORD WITH YOU

Why allow grease soaps in your kitchen? It's a grave mistake, truly. The ingredients that enter into the manufacture of cheap grease soaps are notoriously offensive, and the fact that it is "soap" does not make it clean or proper to use on kitchen utensils when it might endanger health. It scums your sink and drains, leaving a nauseating "soapy smell".

I appeal to your good sense from a Hygenic standpoint. Pure water is tasteless; pure, clean soap should be odorless.

Since 1876 I have been manufacturing a mineral soap called "Kitchen and Hand Soap." It is natural soap; has no odor and is clean. My business has grown to large proportions, because people who are acquainted with "Kitchen and Hand Soap" are constant users of it and have given me thousands of testimonials. Needless to say, I read them all with pleasure.

They speak of it as the best soap ever introduced for cleansing and polishing tin, copper, brass and all metals; and that it is very effective in cleansing and restoring painted walls. For removing tar, pitch, cement, varnish, axle grease, blacking and all impurities from the hands, it is unequalled, leaving the skin, soft, white and smooth.

If you take their word, it is the best soap you could have about the house. Can't you take their word and try a five cent bar of "Kitchen and Hand Soap" in your own housework?

I want you to, and if your grocer does not have it, send us the coupon properly filled out and I will see that you get a full sized package free. You'll do this, won't you?

C. F. BATES & CO.,

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